



SATURDAY NIGHT.

VJ. 15, No. 51. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOV. 1, 1902.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 779.

Things in General.

MANY of the people of this country have great difficulty in recognizing as the same man the cultured Edward Blake of Canadian politics and the firebrand who addressed the United Irish League in Boston and Philadelphia, though the same long and involved sentences with which Canada once struggled appear in both instances. If Mr. Blake had not been born and reared in the free atmosphere of Canada we might excuse the extremities to which his speech runs when addressing those who nurture Irish sentiment. It may be that I lack enthusiasm in matters Irish, but I must confess that I love not the ideal which benefits neither Ireland nor the empire to which the unfortunate Irishman belongs. Born as one of the population of a country in which the races are mixed, I have learned, rightly or wrongly, after many vicissitudes, to regard as dangerous the man who continually pushes forward racial problems, keeps alive racial prejudices, and exists apparently for no other purpose than to exaggerate religious differences. Mr. Blake also learned this lesson and the speeches to which I refer show how in a few years a man may forget that which was primary scholarship in his earlier youth. If Mr. Blake came to us to keep alive the traditions upon which the success of America was founded we might excuse his perversion of facts, but when he comes as an apostle of an antiquated theory, a thoroughly discredited movement, we are forced to wonder whether the man with an ordinary mind could go so far back in a few years as this man with a splendid mind has gone. He is probably the best example we could have had of the limitations as to facts of an Irish orator. Knowing what we all are convinced that he knows, and remaining so, unconvinced by what he says, the amount to be subtracted from the assertions of men who know Ireland only assumes huge proportions.

In his Philadelphia speech he said, "They (the grievances) exist in still greater strength and power than before but they are held by the people now and not by the minority, and the people from that vantage ground, in every county and every town and every urban district in Ireland are entrenched first of all in the possession and management of their own affairs." I admit that Mr. Blake's speeches are hard to understand, but how are we to reconcile this sentence, which refers to the "fortresses" upon which the grievances are based, with an appeal such as he is making to alien countries to help the people out of the hole which they have dug for themselves?

He asserts, "There is a love of the Irish cause from end to end of the continent." What is the Irish cause? Where, either in or out of Ireland, is there, no Irish cause? Has there not been a campaign of disturbance so long carried on that every Irishman thinks he is a "cause" by himself? With a truly Irish impulse, Mr. Blake proceeds to demand more than a mere love of the cause from those who spring from that race. "We want them to feel that, though they may be generation after generation removed from those born on the other side, they should retain the feeling toward Ireland as the country, after all, from which they sprung, and sympathy for that country, where their father, their forefathers, lived and loved, suffered and died."

This means that Mr. Blake insists upon the maintenance as a political factor of the cause which, so far as I can estimate, has no basis for existence except the prominence which it gives to a few agitators who, like himself—but unlike him, in having no means of support—separated from all other causes, remain as disturbers of the peace. Irishmen, if I am not misinformed, make their own troubles, and force Great Britain to enact such measures for the general peace as may be dwelt upon by agitators as evidence of the tyranny of the majority over the minority. To make Ireland peaceful and prosperous, all that is necessary is the extinction of the firebrand, the wiping out of the professional patriot, and a general tendency on the part of the Irish to go into some other business than politics, a tendency which follows them, no matter into what country they go or in what minority they exist.

THE rector of All Saints' Church, Edmonton, N.W.T., is reported to be begging for money in England to increase the buildings in his parish. Why in the name of all that is self-respecting should anyone from the neighborhood of Edmonton publish a letter in the London, Eng., "Daily News" with regard to the necessity in that prosperous country of a young men's institute? If such an institute is needed in Edmonton or thereabout, the people are able to provide it without any rector whining on street corners and dangling an epistolary hat for alms, while Canadians can only partially save their faces from such a sight with a groan and an effort to look the other way.

VERY touching utterance was made by Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, Man., who, while on a visit to Montreal, preached a rather sensational sermon in St. James' Roman Catholic Cathedral last Sunday night. "It is a strange situation," said he, "that confronts our priests, who often convert the Indians only to have them perverted by the Presbyterian missionaries." To those acquainted with the Indians a statement of this kind appeals to their sense of humor. The Indian who really has a change of heart and the consequent change of conduct that a Christianized interior seems to imply, is so rare that he hardly seems worth quarrelling about. However, it is said, if true, that the Protestant sects in the North-West go about trying to change the religious brands of the Indians, practically careless of whether the necessary change of heart has been produced by their preaching or example. It is said that an Indian becomes intensely loyal when blankets and beef are being distributed by the officers of what was once called the Great White Mother; like the small boy, they have a tendency to become intensely religious about the time of the Sunday school picnic, when the good things of the missionaries are being distributed. As a matter of fact, if those who know these people best are to be relied upon, it matters little what religious brand they wear; they are always Indians, dirty, careless of the morrow, as improvident now as when they had buffalo which they killed for the hides when they should have preserved the meat for their own sustenance, and until crossed with some superior breed are as careless of the niceties of civilization as if they had never seen the interior of a church.

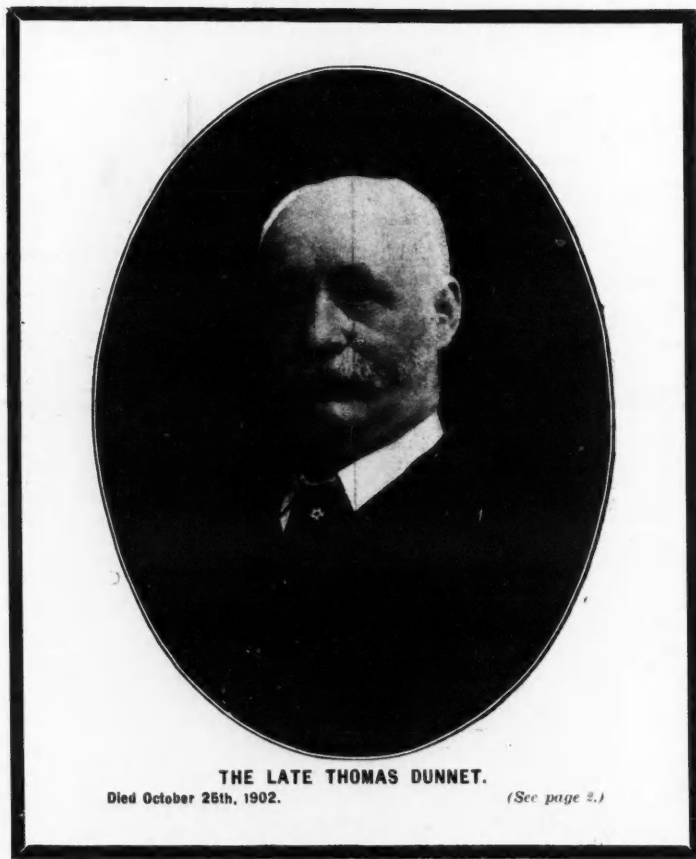
Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the "Westminster," when interviewed with regard to the rather sweeping statement of Archbishop Langevin, said that though unacquainted with the special occurrences to which the prelate had referred, yet he knew enough of the situation among the Indians of the North-West to say that if the details were known the shoe might be found to fit the other (Roman Catholic) foot. "The question is," said the religious journalist, "not who is going to get them, but who is going to do anything for them. They float from one Church to another, and owing to the difference in views between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics they (the missionaries) are far too apt to misunderstand one another." He intimated that the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic missionary is that the former in

attaching a man to a Church acts merely as one doing something towards the penitent's salvation, while the latter, who considers the attachment to the Church of supreme importance, neutralizes these views by preaching to these ignorant people that there is only one Church. Thus the sectarian war goes merrily on, and the red man dies of hunger, disease and degeneration. It never seems to strike any of those who try to convert or pervert these people that some other method must be adopted than the one in vogue to make him a better citizen. The citizen part of it is attended to by the Government, and, after all, is not nearly so badly neglected by secular officials as by the missionaries. Working together, the various people sent out to advance the condition of the red man have taught him to grow potatoes, a little wheat, and to keep in stock enough cattle to kill the occasional beef necessary when there is no hunting. Education is, after all, perhaps the only method of civilizing the Indian; he cannot be emotionalized. He will stand almost indescribable ordeals without flinching, but at best he is an Indian, and the effort of the Christianizing influences should be to make him just as good an Indian as possible, but to try to make him nothing else. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor can his spots be changed by those who preach to him. No matter how the leopard's fur may be singed by the various brands put upon him, he is a leopard still, and the best way of civilizing him is for everyone to unite in keeping away from him the demoralizing sides of civilization to which he most readily attaches himself. In the end all the sects will find that it is cheaper and more satisfactory to be able to claim that the condition of the Indian has been improved rather than that they have made so many Presbyterians, so many Methodists, so many

unable to decide between the two contending systems, and their indecision leads to the idea that there may be half a dozen other ways of getting rid of the sewage, of which these dull-heads have never heard. They are paid to make plans and to act as an executive, yet they seem inclined to buy plans from somebody and let the city act as its own executive in deciding which shall be adopted. If they cannot decide with experts pouring testimony into their ears, how can the people come to a decision? I can freely confess that I do not know a "septic tank" from a gas-tank or a wind-tank, or anything else which is supposed to be a reservoir of something we cannot eat or drink. It is not a far cry to assert that the average elector knows nothing about this particular "septic tank" or has none but economical reasons for deciding against it and in favor of the trunk sewer. This system of doing business is effete. Either we ought to leave our scientific development and sanitary appliances to experts or we should have people with reasonable intelligence to tell us what to do. The City Council and Board of Control, and the Mayor himself, seem to be utterly unable to grasp such a policy as our defective trunk sewerage makes necessary. Would it not be better to get somebody who understands this business, or at least is in possession of faculties of decision, before at random the city is asked to decide on so important a matter?

THE "News" of Tuesday evening remarked: "When we get a municipal system run on business principles, and a Council of shrewd, capable business men, it will be time enough to talk about municipal ownership of public franchises."

The "News" editorials are being thoughtfully written.



THE LATE THOMAS DUNNET.

Died October 25th, 1902.

(See page 2.)

Roman Catholics, so many Baptists, of the bucks and squaws who, under all conditions and no matter whose food they consume, refuse to use water or to abandon the tribal notions which are, perhaps, as old and possibly much more applicable than the systems of theology which are being forced into brains which can realize nothing spiritual beyond the fact that in the distance there are the Happy Hunting Ground and the Great Spirit. There are many who are not red Indians whose capacity suffers from the same limitations.

NORTH PERTH has been opened by the election court, J. C. Monteith, Conservative, holder of the seat, consenting to a new election. Premier Ross has now another chance to add to his majority, and fortunately for him the political "digger" cannot be alleged as the machine used.

THE Board of Control has decided to submit a by-law to the somewhat saddle-galled electors of Toronto next January, which, if approved, will mean the expenditure of \$2,385,000 for the "septic tank" sewerage scheme. This scheme is endorsed by the Medical Health Officer, while the trunk sewer plan, which would cost over half a million dollars less, is endorsed by the City Engineer. Two things are already evident to the Toronto ratepayer, and a third is apt to dawn on his mind when this by-law reaches his eye. The first of these postulates is with regard to the enormous rate of taxation the people of this city pay, amounting practically to a rental on the property they own. The next is the fact that we cannot continue pouring sewage into the bay without making it a sink-hole, in fact a regular stink-pot. The third and perhaps most necessary fact that the elector needs to learn is the necessity of having the city's business done by men of sufficient capacity to decide what is best for the ratepayer. In the third instance, the Board of Control seems inclined to leave it to the people to decide whether they have the "septic tank system" or the "trunk sewer." Either of them, if constructed, would land the sewage in the neighborhood of Scarborough, one emptying into the lake there, the other turning the sewage on to the land and making some use of it. On the surface, the "septic tank" system will not only cost more for construction, but vastly more for maintenance, though there ought to be a revenue from the sewage when utilized on land, and there never can be any when it is emptied into the water and may possibly return to the Toronto Bay.

The City Council and the Board of Control seem to be

ing good men in charge. Cheaper street car fares, less crowding, a faster service, would directly appeal to the people, and if this were reversed by bad management those guilty of causing it would be promptly punished by those who have to put their hands in their pockets three or four times a day and are dependent upon this transportation system for regularity at their places of work and at their meals.

Nothing but direct damage to the pocket and the temper of the elector can force him to pay direct attention to administrations of any kind. But few men can listen with patience to complaints about servants so long as they are well fed and comfortably taken care of, and have no unusual bills to pay. The housewife may have a score of grievances, but they do not appeal to the man of the house unless his food is badly cooked or fails to be served at the proper time. Let him wait an hour for his dinner, find his bed unmade, or bills of an extravagant character presented to him, he will make a kick at once and start in to fire the maid or lecture his wife. Men should be more thoughtful than they are and see further than they do, but we must look at conditions rather than theories.

When Sherman was Secretary of the United States Treasury the long disputed question of how to resume specie payment was presented to him, and he is reported to have said, "The way to resume is to resume." In municipal ownership it may be said that "In municipal ownership the way to conduct a municipal enterprise is to conduct it." It may be disastrous at first. Under the present system there is a continual series of disasters which we cannot rectify without interminable lawsuits, and even then we fail to properly score in the end. The way to teach people to choose is to force them to make a choice in matters which will have a direct and observable result on their happiness and prosperity.

MUCH discussion has been caused by the recent fanatical movements of the Doukhobors. A couple of thousand of these Russian importations, who faintly resemble the Quakers in their antipathy to war, are doing something which is in the nature of a pilgrimage. The Canadian North-West, in which they were located by the Government, is not a good place for pilgrimages, which of course involve sleeping in the open air and traveling afoot without baggage. I have seen Russian pilgrims in Palestine who had been months away from home without a change of clothes, and who were considered saintly because they endured the thing so long with almost nothing to eat. Russians of both sexes spend the greater part of their lifetime saving up sufficient money to go to Jerusalem on Easter day to see that farcical performance which is called the Descent of the Holy Fire, a fire which is supposed to come from on high and light the altar in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. About twelve thousand pilgrims belonging to the Greek Church were present from Russia, Armenia and Greece—many of whom would die before they reached home—when I watched this extraordinary test of their credulity. Coming as the Doukhobors do from this country, thoroughly permeated by fanaticisms of different sorts, can we wonder that they abandon their homes and turn their live stock adrift because they do not believe in the shedding of blood or the enslaving of beasts?

Newspapers may call their fanaticism "idiocy" and advise that these poor creatures should be forced back into their homes to save them from being frozen, but if we would only look at our own conduct, at the conduct of others which in a religious way we approve, we would not be so lacking in sympathy for what appears to us as perverted emotionalism, if not insanity. Some of the newspapers advise that the priests and apostles who are misleading the Doukhobors should be arrested because they are apparently regardless of the lives and happiness of those who follow them. Would these writers be kind enough to tell us what are the legal and logical limitations of religious emotionalism? If such a thing be possible, it would be a good thing for us all to know how far we ought to permit our religious beliefs and emotions which are probably not quite reasonable, to influence our conduct or to inconvenience others. For instance, what right had those preachers and leaders of public opinion to oppose Sunday cars when on the other six days of the week everybody found them an absolute necessity, when indeed the whole city was constructed on the idea of some such transportation system? The opposition was finally overruled and everybody now rides on Sunday cars, even the most extreme opponents of them using them without an apology either to their conscience or to their parishioners. Many illustrations might be brought forward where fanaticism of an approved sort is still causing widespread inconvenience, not only to the holders of the fanatical tenets, but to others. If in one instance a certain line of conduct seems to the general public absurd and suggestions are made to use force for its suppression, who is to be the judge in a half a dozen other instances where the majority, which is said to be generally wrong, contend that certain paths are the only roads to heaven? If the Doukhobors wish to be frozen to death by making a pilgrimage to Yorkton or Winnipeg, all ordinary and charitable measures should be used to prevent a sacrifice of life; but if people insist on being frozen to death in order that they may be sure of eternal happiness, it seems unreasonable to employ force to divert them from what seems to us such an ill-advised course. These people may be inspired. Probably the apostles who abandoned their fishing-nets and entered into lives of poverty and pain, ending in death, were considered "idiots" and "fanatics." If human reason is not to be the basis of human laws and human conduct, then those who interfere with anything which purports to be religious are persecutors, possibly blasphemers, or at best are tyrants in refusing to let others adopt all kinds of follies in the pursuit of salvation.

THE "Star" had an excellent editorial on Tuesday last with regard to "The Taking of Life's Profits." It must have occurred to the average reader, notwithstanding the excellence of the editorial, to enquire whether "taking the profits" is not a stock gambling term which ought to be excluded from one's notions of how to get the most there is out of life. The editorial seemed to favor the idea that we should take out of life all the profits that we can obtain. If it were not a stock gambling phrase I would quite agree with this, but I am inclined to think that nobody—again using a stock speculator's phrase—can "realize," even temporarily, upon the investment one makes. Life, to be a profitable thing, cannot be a gambling transaction; it must be an investment. It is ridiculous to suppose that one can take one's profits out of one's health, out of one's surroundings, out of one's friends, and square the transaction every few days. It cannot be done. The sum total of life can only be added at one's death, and the profit or loss cannot be estimated by the deceased, no matter how deeply he may be embedded in the flowers of those who liked or respected him.

Of course the idea that one should not store away wealth until there is a convenient time for its expenditure is a very good one, but it must be remembered that the "realizing" on one's commercial profits and the realizing on life's profits are two altogether different things. It is better

to use one's income as prudence suggests than to hoard it with a view of some vague period when one can afford to go out and make a business of spending it. The time for enjoyment is very likely to be past before the period of expenditure sets in, and to leave a youngster with a little money is much worse than to leave it with none. The small amount outside of that necessary to complete its education simply sets the child astray in life's current. The necessity of having to go in and make a living forces the duckling into the swim at once, and it needs no very wide vision to discern which is the more fortunate course to pursue.

The estimating of life's profits or losses—because one must always keep the two in conjunction—should be left to the old and experienced. Much that seems as profit to the ordinary young man, those who have lived and suffered and enjoyed, when experience has made them able to audit the account, put down as losses. If life has no hereafter and the profits of it must be estimated on this side of the grave, the majority of old men would tell us that there is nothing in the game. The profits are largely those of right-doing and that class of living which brings happiness to the majority, and altogether it seems obvious that anything in public prints urging the realization in cash or pleasure of what one has done on the margin plan, must be a mistake.

The Late Thomas Dunnet.

The funeral of the late Thomas Dunnet took place on Tuesday afternoon from the family residence, 67 Huntley street, to Mount Pleasant cemetery, and was attended by a very large number of citizens. The Calthness Society, Caledonian Society, St. Andrew's Society, Sons of Scotland, Commercial Travelers' Society, Board of Trade, Mackenzie Liberal Club, Young Men's Liberal Club, and several charitable organizations were all represented by large delegations, and in addition many other personal friends of the deceased were present. The pall-bearers were Messrs. H. Youille, H. E. Livingstone, G. E. Ashley of Kingston, W. J. McGuire and T. Lowe. Honorary pall-bearers, Mr. W. Banks, president Toronto Calthness Society, of which deceased was Honorary President; Mr. Daniel Rose, sr., Past President; Dr. Kennedy, President of St. Andrew's Society; Mr. Douglas Scott, President of the Caledonian Society; Mr. E. E. Sheppard, and Mr. D. W. Livingstone. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Milligan of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. The floral offerings were exceedingly numerous, and in addition to the beautiful pillow-wreath, anchor and pillars of the family, the Calthness and other Scottish societies sent wreaths and sprays, as did several of the charitable organizations, of which deceased was a generous patron. Several commercial organizations of which the deceased was a director were also represented by those who had sat with him on the various boards, and their floral tributes were not lacking. The Board of Trustees of the Commercial Travelers' Society, with the president, Mr. George Anderson, attended the funeral in a body, the society's floral offering being an anchor of rare flowers. Mr. Thomas Dunnet was a native of Wick, Calthness, Scotland, and was in his fifty-fifth year. Possessed of a good education and much business ability, he became a prosperous and much respected member of the mercantile community. Genial in his manner, charitable in his disposition, and possessed of more than ordinary shrewdness, he was a valued member of all the charitable and commercial organizations in which he was so prominent. For years he was one of the directors of the company publishing "Saturday Night," and his colleagues on that board can certainly testify to the wisdom of his advice and their appreciation of his valued companionship, and tender to his widow, whose loss cannot be estimated their sincere sympathy.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening a very delightful musical and dance gathered a brilliant company at the residence of Mr. C. J. McLeod, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and one of the smartest yachtmen on Canadian waters. Mrs. McLeod selected the musical as the most enjoyable way to entertain her friends, and made the evening more interesting by presenting her step-daughter, Miss Frances Gordon McLeod, whose debut in her beautiful home will long have pleasant associations in the memory of the friends who welcomed her to society. The house, which has traditions of genial hospitality as the home of the Montizambert family, was never more excellently arranged for such a festivity than on Wednesday. The ground floor is so well planned that it can be made almost one room, and the singers, whom Mrs. McLeod with admirable judgment had selected, were distinctly heard everywhere. Miss Dora McMurry, Miss Bingham of New York, and Mr. Arthur Blight, with D'Alesandro's orchestra, filled the early part of the evening with charming songs and selections, after which a descent was made by the company to the big crimson-walled billiard room in the basement, where the daintiest of suppers was perfectly served, the guests finding flower-crowned quartette tables arranged in every direction. The whole house was lavishly done in beautiful flowers and flags, and fine palms were set in angles and corners. Mrs. McLeod, who has the grace of genuineness in every tone and look, was handsomely gowned in buttercup satin richly trimmed with fine white lace and pearls. The debutante wore white silk. She is a gentle fair-haired girl, a contrast to her fine dark-haired elder sister, who was an able and attentive assistant hostess, and looked very handsome in a white silk dress, encrusted with fine white lace. A few of the guests were Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Mr. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, the lady in a very handsome white gown, veiled with black lace; Captain Wyatt and his bonny bride, who looked stunning; Mr. and Mrs. Dignam and Lady Tullock, who looked charming in a delicate rose veiled gown with an exquisite bit of lace on berthe (and who, by the way, left for Holland this week); Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and Miss Davidson, the Commodore and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis. Mrs. Jarvis in a pretty black lace and silk gown; Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Alexander in a stunning white brocade; Senator, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, the ladies of Llaw-haden looking extremely well after their summer abroad, and as usual exquisitely gowned, and coffee at the Anglaise; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Northcote looking particularly nice and beautifully coiffed; Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, the lady looking very handsome in a black lace with jetted ornaments, and being welcomed to Toronto as one of the good gifts we've had from Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. Inglis of the St. George, who are also among the pleasant recent settlers in Toronto; Dr. and Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Rolland Hills, the Crown Attorney and Mrs. Dewar, the bright little lady in a picture in a very pretty gown; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Beauport Jarvis, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, the Misses McArthur, three charming sisters; Lieutenant-Colonel Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Masten, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Frank Strath, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett.

Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston returned recently from their four months' holiday in England, but Mrs. Greville-Harston has been rather an invalid since their return, suffering from overworking her ankle, which gave her so much trouble a year or two since. She will not receive on Tuesdays this month, but in December will be able to see her friends as usual.

The wedding of Mr. Frederick William Lane and Miss Gertrude Graham Stewart took place at half-past two

o'clock on Tuesday at St. Paul's Church, Rev. Prof. Cody officiating. The church was decorated with rowan berries and knots of white ribbon, marking the guest pews, and palms and white flowers added to the harvest decorations with much effect. Miss Stewart, who is a magnificent looking girl, with a nature in harmony with her fine presence, was gowned in white satin, completely veiled in an overdress of lace, which represented a year's work of the bride's clever fingers, surely a unique garment. Her veil, an heirloom in her family for five or six generations, was of beautiful Limerick lace, and a crown of orange blossoms rested on her hair, worn a la Pompadour. Her maid of honor and only sister, Miss Mildred Stewart, whose fine voice is so much admired, and who rivals the bride in presence, was in turquoise frock and hat, with white lace and osprey, and as she slowly preceded the bride up the aisle she sang the bridal song from "Lohengrin" most impressively. The two bridesmaids, Miss Edith Smith and Miss Elsie Helliwell, were in yellow frocks with roses applique, and guimpe and sleeves of white point d'esprit, and yellow chapeaux. All the bridal party carried huge bouquets of white chrysanthemums. Mr. Percy Hardisty was best man. Mr. Beril Stewart, the bride's elder brother, and Mr. Arthur Ritchie were the ushers, and the former also led in and gave away the bride. After the ceremony the bridal reception was held at Mrs. Stewart's residence in Collier street, where a patriotic canopy of flags was over the portal, and formed also a background in the drawing-room for the group about the bride and groom as they received the congratulations of their friends. Among those who witnessed the marriage were Mrs. Otter, grandmother, and Colonel and Mrs. Otter, uncle and aunt of the bride; Mrs. Morton, her cousin, and Miss Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Steele and Miss Steele and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Miss Wallbridge, Dr. Vivien of Barrie, Mr. and Miss Ashworth, and a host of other young friends of the bride and groom. Mr. Steele proposed the health of the happy pair, and the bridegroom, unwillingly elevated on the shoulders of a group of stalwarts, made a nice little speech of thanks. Mr. and Mrs. Lane sailed for a winter in Ireland yesterday by the "Celtic," and it is safe betting that the members of the groom's family, who are a fine-looking lot of people, will receive a splendid idea of Canada's daughters when they see their new relative. A room full of very handsome gifts and a sheaf of cablegrams and telegrams, with an unobtrusive but significant table covered with envelopes, containing cheques, testified that the bride is esteemed as she deserves to be, and that she will meet love across the seas as she leaves it in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Lane will on their return take up their residence on the bridegroom's farm at Weston.

Mr. Caldwell of the Bank of Nova Scotia and Mrs. Caldwell are living at 418 Sherburne street, where Mrs. Caldwell receives on the first and third Mondays.

Last Saturday the world and his wife were on trek for the East, where, beyond the Hunt Club in the meadow of the Club, the Gymkhana was in train. Such a well-pleased crowd, such perfect autumn weather, so many pretty women, letting one have a peep for a moment at delightful frocks, then gathering closer their modish huge wraps; so many eager huntsmen, saddling up, weighing in, laughing and jeering or congratulating one another; such roars of laughter at the potato race, and the skirt and bonnet race! 'Twas a great success in arrangement and attendance. Tea was served in the pavilion, and the waiters could scarcely find space or time for the people who were "just dying for a cup of tea." Mr. Hendrie brought Mrs. Braithwaite down from Hamilton. Mr. Murray Hendrie won six out of eight prizes. Mr. Drew Smith and Mr. A. O. Beardmore had the "baddest behaved" horses on the field. Mrs. Cockburn looked very sweet in a Paris gown and wrap. Mrs. Hurdis Ravenshaw and Mrs. Bradney enjoyed Canadian outdoor sports as much as their hosts could wish. Mrs. Harry Wyatt was the center of a happy group. The brides that are and the brides to be exchanged smiles and greetings. Mrs. Ewart Osborne was welcomed home. Mr. Lamont just escaped a nasty accident. Some people were cold, but pride knows no pain.

The great Sembrich came and went, leaving us a memory of sweetness and consummate art that are most satisfactory. The audience did not rise with the furor expected to her programme of German and French songs, which were perfectly done. As we went away, trying to get past the "breadbasket barrier of La Sonnambula back to music, one hearer cried, "Ah, if she'd only given us more of that!" So, you see, it is hard to reach everyone alike. Sembrich flirted most audaciously with her hubby, too, who sat in the front row, and had a beautiful bald-headed time all to himself. It was the most vivid flirtation of "nods and winks and wreathed smiles" I ever assisted at, and so naughty of her, in the very eyes of all those pretty creatures from St. Margaret's, who turned out in perfect girlish prettiness by scores to worship the jolly queen of song.

Mrs. Barrington Nevitt gave a very large tea on Wednesday, to which someone told me a thousand invitations had been issued. Probably quite half that number of guests passed under the doctor's hospitable portals, and an unusual thing was the presence of any number of men at a mid-week tea. Mrs. Nevitt received in a costume of black lace, and presented her guests to her mother-in-law, a handsome and gracious matron in her snowy widow's weeds, Mrs. George Nevitt. Space lacks to mention the many guests who spent a pleasant hour at this bright event.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis has returned from Chatham to Peregrine Hall, 50 Maitland street. She was summoned to Chatham by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. John E. Brooke, whose useful and peaceful life was suddenly closed on the last day of September. Mrs. Brooke was a woman of unusual ability and grace of person, and had a great many friends here.

The reception given by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdonald and officers of the 48th Highlanders last Friday evening was a great success, and a very large and smart party of society folk were at the mess-room about half-past nine. The prizes had been presented by Miss Mowat, Mrs. Otter and Mrs. J. I. Davidson. The mess-room was prettily arranged, and the buffet very prettily decorated with gold-colored "mums. The D.O.C., commanding officers and their ladies, and many others were present at the reception, and also Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Michie, and many others.

Mrs. Walter S. Andrews has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in her grief at the loss of her mother, whose pretty and picturesque personality was a cherished addition to her daughter's home. Mrs. Smith had completed a long life and had remained, until a recent serious illness, full of interest in everything. Everyone who goes to "Whisper" will miss the gentle, silver-haired little lady.

The marriage of Mr. Percy Jarvis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis of Glen Road, Rosedale, and Miss Laila Francelia Culbertson of Buffalo took place on Thursday evening in Buffalo, at the Church of the Ascension, at eight o'clock. Needless to say it was a lovely event, to those who know the Jarvis good looks and the many charms of the bride. Mrs. and Miss Jarvis and the best man and usher, brothers of the bride, went over early in the week, and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd and her father went on Thursday to attend the wedding. The bride wore a sumptuous gown of white satin, with panels and bertha of rose point, and a veil and orange blossoms. Miss May Jarvis was maid of honor in a dainty gown of white point d'esprit over pale

green; the bridesmaids wore green crepe de chine, and the little flower girl, Miss Evelyn Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis, was in white. Mr. Paul Jarvis, secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Norman Jarvis, another brother of the groom, Mr. Ben Senton, and Mr. Otto Heintz. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jarvis are to make their home at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jarvis have taken up house at 733 Ontario street, corner of Howard street.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones returned to Toronto on Sunday after a summer spent abroad.

An interesting patient just now in Grace Hospital is Captain Josef Dietrich, a young Russian officer, formerly of a Cossack regiment on service in the Caucasus. Captain Dietrich came to Toronto some weeks ago, en route for Swan Lake, Manitoba, and while the guest of Professor Mayor was conscious of an injury to his knee developing serious possibilities. Though the handsome young man is putting in a tiresome time, his enforced imprisonment is brightened by the visits of many friends of his kind former host, and it is hoped his memories of Toronto may not be altogether unpleasant.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan was not able to leave for Rat Portage, as she intended, on Monday, as she was suffering from a severe cold. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mackenzie also delayed their departure on account of the time consumed in packing and shipping their many beautiful things.

"L'Alliance Francaise" had an initial meeting last Tuesday at "Varsity," and elected Monsieur Des Champs president and Mrs. Will Rose vice-president. Anyone loving French and desiring to converse and spend stated evenings in social intercourse or enjoy short "conferences" and such like, may apply for admission to the president or vice-president. The fee is two dollars per annum.

Mrs. John Waldie is bringing out a fair daughter, who is to be introduced at a tea at Glenhurst next Monday week, and for whom a dance is also to be given on the following Wednesday evening. Glenhurst, in new decorations and renovations, will be a bright rendezvous to a smart party.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson will receive at their home, to Elmsley place. Guests are to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Patterson's mother, Mrs. J. Hurdis Ravenshaw, who lately arrived out from England.

Mrs. Robert Smith is giving a tea next Thursday in honor of Mrs. Frank Bradney, her youngest sister, who has been spending the autumn in Toronto as her guest. Mrs. Bradney is one of the most attractive of women, and her husband is a man of prominence in Argentina, where Mr. and Mrs. Bradney reside.

Yesterday Mrs. J. Lowe Brodie gave a smart tea from 4.30 to 7 o'clock at 469 Sherburne street, and on Thursday Mrs. W. T. Murray gave a delightful reception at the same hours at her new home, 166 Crescent road.

Mrs. Pellatt's huge tea last week was one of the crushes you find women positively enjoying, and men abusing, but as there were no men in the crush on Thursday afternoon there was no protest recorded. Colonel Pellatt's sumptuous residence easily queens it over all the East Side homes in its vicinity for novelty, up-to-date devices, and elaborate decoration. Entrance, salon, hall, dining-room, and the Colonel's "picture sanctum," where a snugger and a gallery are combined, form a succession of beautiful apartments over which the gracious lady of the mansion is a fit presiding genius. Mrs. Pellatt wore a pink cora-tinted gown, covered with a lovely white overdress richly embroidered and inset with white lace, and received at the entrance of the drawing-room. The guests soon found their way down the stair draped in flags, to the ballroom in the basement, which has been transformed into an Oriental hall in Moorish design, and was for the tea turned into a palm court. Such splendid palms as are seldom seen here made groves and cosy corners quite Eastern, and maidens many and sweet slipped through the throng with all the witcheries of the East, inveigling the guests to taste the excellent things which loaded a dazzling buffet all crimson and gold and lights and flowers. Each maiden wore a knot of Moorish colors.

Mrs. Angus Kirkland gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Montizambert, who is up from Ottawa; on a visit. The guests were Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Hellmuth, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. W. Cassels, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Hammend, Mrs. C. Walker, and Mrs. A. Mackenzie (nee Kirkland).

Major and Mrs. Carpenter have taken up house at 127 Tyndall avenue, where Mrs. Carpenter receives on the first and second Thursdays. Miss Amy McDonough is on a visit to Mrs. Carpenter.

Mrs. George S. Hart will receive next Tuesday with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alec Cartwright, at 1A Harbord street, when Toronto friends who knew her as Miss Laura Harrison, sister of the late Captain Charles Harrison of St. John, will be glad of an opportunity to offer her good wishes upon her marriage.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Macdougall and Mrs. Macdougall are now living at St. John's, Quebec, a short distance from Montreal, where Colonel Macdougall is in command of the R. C. School of Infantry.

Mr. T. W. H. Leavitt, the Conservative organizer, is very ill at his home, 521 Bloor street. Dr. Musgrave is in attendance. Mr. Leavitt's brother, Dr. A. S. Leavitt, is also with him.

Mr. and Mrs. David Kemp are living at 153 Madison avenue, having removed from St. Vincent street. The Misses Bethune left for England last week.

The engagement of Miss Miriam Hellmuth and Mr. Jack Meredith is announced. Both the young people spent their childhood in London.

On Tuesday Mrs. Law gave a small informal dance for some of the friends of her son, Mr. John Law, who arrived home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw of Vancouver were in town last week, en route for their home. Mrs. Henshaw is the gifted writer, "Julian Durham."

Miss Winnifred Kingsmill is visiting Mrs. Glyn Osler in Ottawa. Mrs. Gordon Osler is spending some time in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ridley have been much welcomed in town en route for the Continent from Dawson.

"The question of the hour?" repeated a gay dame. "Well, it's 'Who's coming to Government House next?'"

Mrs. Frederick Winnett gives a tea next Tuesday from 4.30 to 7 at her home in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. J. L. Nicholls of Chatham and her little daughter are visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont.

Mrs. S. McDonnell is removing to 110 Howland avenue. Mr. Hamilton Gibb has left for England.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones will receive on Friday, November 14th, and on Fridays subsequently.

The engagement of Miss Violet Langmuir and Mr. Gwynn Francis is announced. Victoria University will hold their annual conversazione on December 5.



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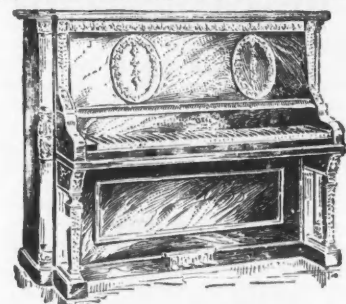
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Social and Personal.

The first large dance of the season is always given at the Victoria Rink, and that of last week, which is now, alas! rather ancient history, was a good opening to what promises to be a particularly pleasant winter socially. There are lots of new people settling in our city; a glance at the names of guests at any public function would settle that point, if the list were up to date, but it takes time for the observant to catch the individuality of newcomers, and the careless live unworried of many pleasant arrivals for the entire season. At the Victoria Club dance an old-timer would be puzzled to find so few of the guests of even five years ago. Instead, a jolly young coterie, well groomed, confident of charm, and carrying all before them, were to be seen. There were some of the stand-bys of this famous club, however, the president and secretary, genial and courteous as ever, Mrs. Sweny of Robbinston, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blackmer, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Walker, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. Henry McMillan, Mr. Goulding, Mr. Playter, Mr. Harold Muntz, being among those present. The scheme of decoration appealed most pleasantly to the guests, having a picturesque sylvan quality not before attempted in this rink. The soft green of a grove of hemlock lined the bare facade of the galleries and softened into semblance of forest glades the cloisters which encircle the dancing floor. Rich rugs and portieres were lavishly used to line the embrasures and the low, broad window-seats, and the high arch of the roof was a conglomerate of flags, pennants, Japanese umbrellas and lanterns. The effect was new and decidedly beautiful. The patronesses, as usual, received at the left of the entrance, where luxurious fauteuils and soft rugs made a little boudoir corner for their comfort. The musicians' dais was set on the right of the entrance, and the music was very good, though the programme bristled with very commonplace and unrefined titles to the first-rate melodies. A reporter says the floor was perfect, but even the glamor of a jolly evening cannot get that adjective into this veracious chronicle. The Victoria Rink's floor is its only weak point, and aching ankles are the rule for the dancers next day. However, they don't seem to care as they dance, whether its corrugated or glassy, and that's a high compliment to the popular club. Such a good supper they gave us, and so nicely served, in a marquee filling the east end of the immense rink, and looking most brilliant when the great table of honor was surrounded by the handsome chaperones and their attendant cavaliers. There were uniforms a-plenty, but not nearly so plenty as if the Highlanders had not held their prize-giving and Colonel Macdonald his reception on the same evening. Among others, the Government House party were due officially at the prize-giving, and did not attend the ball. Among the military men present who interested the young folk especially were the two West African officers who are home on leave, Captain Crean and Mr. Boddy; Mr. Fraser Homer Dixon, a very bronzed warrior, who brought his sister, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, and Mr. Gordon Magee, who is much enjoying his leave. There were several debutantes, whose chaperones looked after them so well, and who supplemented their care so thoroughly by their own pretty charms that they were never to be more than glanced at as they floated by in dance after dance. Miss Muriel Cronyn, in a simple girlish

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white gown, a picture of happiness at her first dance; Miss Etta Taylor, who wore a lovely Stitt gown of tucked gauze, with the most original and fetching pointed floating draperies by way of sleeves, and Miss Eleanore Cosgrave, whose pet name of "Dimples" is best known to her intimates, and who looked a queenly debutante in her rich gown of white satin and embroidery applique and lace, were three of the girls who formally came out at the Victoria Club ball. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Lukes and Miss Lukes, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, in black velvet and white lace, and Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Street, very dainty in pale blue with pink roses; Miss Evelyn Cox, in a lovely white brocade and red roses; Miss Ashworth, looking very pretty; Miss Michie, in black net; Miss Mary Davidson, in pink silk; Miss Allayne Jones, in palest blue, and Miss Joan Arnoldi, in black mouseline de soie; Miss Enid Wornum wore yellow satin. Miss Alice Cook looked very pretty; Mrs. E. B. Taylor wore a beautiful Paris frock of pale blue crepe, with exquisite trimmings. A great many of the young matrons and girls wore black dresses, lace, point d'esprit or chiffon, brightened by dainty roses or huge white 'mums. A strikingly quaint gown and coiffure was that of Miss Keefer, the dress of black lace in Empire style over white, and the hair a la Grecque, with a bandeau of pearls. Miss Merton of Oshawa and Miss Scott of Quebec were very popular guests at the Victoria Club dance. Miss Gwen Francis looked very pretty in a red frock. Mrs. Kearns was a picture in shimmering pink chiffon with handsome ecru application of lace.

The impetus given to the matrimonial market by the good times we are enjoying has resulted in a plentiful lot of weddings, and these have so infected the young folks with a spirit of emulation that engagements are being announced on every side. One, of which I gave a hint lately, has caused great satisfaction and congratulation in the smart set.

Mrs. J. R. Stratton spent a few days in town this week, purchasing fittings for her new home in Peterboro'. The Provincial Secretary has recently bought a very fine place, which has been enlarged and improved. Mrs. Stratton left for her home yesterday, I understand.

The musical play at the Princess caught on early this week, and on Tuesday the theater held a very smart audience. The boxes overflowed with brilliant groups, and the ushers and bridesmaids and best man of the Lane-Stewart wedding occupied seats in the stalls. Mrs. Charles Reid gave a large box party, and vis-a-vis were Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss Sybil Seymour, Mr. McDowell Thomson, and several others. Miss Ruth Fuller looked very pretty in an upper loge with some friends. Many prominent persons enjoyed the play from the stalls and laughed themselves tired at the vagaries of the hoop-skirts worn by the ladies of the early sixties. Never were comparisons more "odorous" than those made between this play and the author's former success, "Dolly Varden." The period of the Civil War in America was so full of incident, leading inevitably to the tragic, that a true picture of the times must be set far away from the light and airy periscope of Dolly's era. As for the girls, their costumes and the dance of the period, the hop waltz, with its old-fashioned tunes, there be some of us who can vouch with amused recollection for the correctness of the representation seen at the Princess this week. No one should miss a good laugh at the fashion freaks of our forebears.

Major Herbert Carrington Smith is spending his leave in Canada, and will visit his brother, Mr. C. C. Smith, manager of the Quebec Bank. In the meantime another visitor has lately arrived at the Carrington Smiths, as the stock called last week with a small daughter.

Dr. Percy Vivien of Barrie came down for the Lane-Stewart wedding on Tuesday, attended the clever performance at the Princess in the evening and caught the eleven o'clock train for home. Dr. Vivien was laughingly congratulated on the arrival of his son and heir by all his old friends.

Mrs. Arthur Martens held her post-natal

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tial reception this week at her home, 19 Chicora avenue. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi received with the bride on Friday (yesterday). Mrs. Martens is a Kentuckian, and her husband is connected with some of Toronto's old families. Mrs. Arnoldi gave a small tea for Mrs. Martens one day this week.

Mrs. Ahearn of Ottawa, who visited Miss Denzil and Mrs. George Eulas Foster this week, returned to Ottawa on Wednesday. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Foster entertained a few friends at tea to meet Mrs. Ahearn, including Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Ridout, Miss Denzil, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. Millman, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Harry Drayton and Mrs. Foy. Miss Taylor and Miss Ross poured tea and took charge of the tea-table, which was very prettily set and decorated with pink roses in the dining-room. It was a cosy and informal little gathering, and all much enjoyed it.

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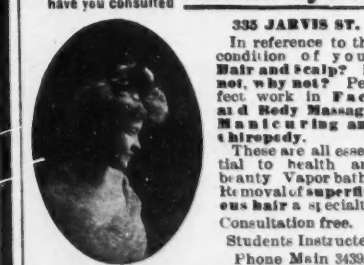
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 15. TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902. NO. 51.



The new comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," by Stange and Edwards, has scored a decided hit here, notwithstanding its ultra-"American" flavor. Many causes combine to make it a pronounced success. The music is good, the scenic effects are beautiful, the subject is new, and the company is unusually capable and comely. So stirring was the era of the war of North and South, even to those not immediately concerned in the grim struggle, that an echo of that time even now has power to interest and thrill a Canadian audience. It is a wonder that authors of comic opera have not long ago hit upon a subject so rich in dramatic possibilities. "American" dramatists have not overlooked the field, but their success has not been conspicuous, which may account for the fact that we only now are seeing the same material turned to musical account. It is a delight to everyone to see the crinolined figures of the belles of the sixties—just such belles as our grandmothers or mothers must have been. After all, the fashions of those times were not so unlovely. Only when the hoop-skirt girls start in to dance is the average spectator moved to mirth, while the occupants of the bald-headed rows bring their opera-glasses to bear. But one soon gets indifferent to such a spectacle, and ceases to marvel at the modesty which the women of those times must have possessed to carry them through scenes like this with so evident unconsciousness of the slightest impropriety. One thing is certain, the crinoline was not a whit more hideous, and on the whole perhaps less immodest, than some of the clinging, dragging skirts of to-day. The hoop-skirt lady was at least compelled to have an eye to the dainty and spotless character of her nether lingerie, for if she didn't she could be sure everybody else would. Underskirts reeking with the dust and filth of the streets were an impossibility while the crinoline held sway.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," if one serious criticism can be registered against it, is more than ordinarily anaemic and uninteresting as to libretto. The story is slight and conventional. There is but the smallest infusion of humor. Without the comedy work of Uncle Tom and his Jim Crow chorus the piece would be almost totally deficient in the element of fun. Jonathan Phoenix is too conventional and wooden a type of laugh-producer to make much impression on the experienced theater-goer, albeit Mr. George Backus gets out of the part everything there is in it. The story of the play is this: John Graham, the son of a Southern gentleman, had run away from home as a boy, and towards the close of the Civil War, when the Northern armies had penetrated far into the heart of the Confederacy, the long-lost Graham finds himself again at his old home, under an alias and serving as an officer in the Federal cavalry. As a boy he and a neighbor's child had been betrothed by their parents. He preserves his alias to all except his old sweetheart, who recognizes him, and on the day that they are married he is accused, on good circumstantial evidence, of stealing despatches from his general, with the purpose of betraying them to the enemy. Unable to establish his identity, and knowing that to save himself he would have to incriminate his wife's little brother, who was the real spy and author of the theft, he keeps silence and is sentenced to be shot. Of course at the last moment he is saved by the intervention of one who has proof of his innocence, and in the same breath the close of the war is announced. The story gives room for a great deal of effective scenery and a number of realistic tableaux. The first act takes place at the headquarters of General Allen's division of the Northern army, with a river and encampment in the distance. The next scene is Felix Graham's plantation on the banks of the Mississippi. This lovely spot is shown both by moonlight and at the hour of sunrise, and is one of the most successful and realistic stage pictures ever produced in a local theater. The third act has two scenes—first a view of distant mountain and river from within the fortified camp of the Federal army, and second, a rocky, wooded glen in the heart of autumn-tinted hills, swarming with soldiers in the rusty blue uniforms of the North. In addition, a couple of poetic visions of the Stars and Stripes, at first torn and dishonored, then restored and glorious, are introduced in the last act, to illustrate the prophetic dream of the condemned soldier hero, John Graham.

A curiously stupid anachronism may be referred to in closing. The edition of the Stars and Stripes used throughout the opera is the flag of the present day—with forty-five stars. But in 1865 there were only twenty-three States, and consequently the flag of that day had but so many stars. It should hardly have remained for a Canadian to point out such an error.

"Sergeant James," given at the Grand this week, is an interesting play, well enacted and adequately staged. It is by Eugene Walter and, like "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is chock-full of the blue army uniforms of Uncle Sam. The scene is laid in a Western mining camp, where a troop of United States cavalry is stationed. Sergeant James is an heroic officer, who never has been known to fail in his duty. His life has been crossed by the shadow of a great love, and now that the woman of his regard is the unhappy wife of a gambling mine superintendent, the sergeant's chivalry finds an outlet in generously shielding her and her husband from the consequences of the latter's folly. But the gambler is not to be saved. He implicates himself in a plot to steal a large sum of money from the mine owners, and meets poetic justice at the hands of his



MISS EFFIE SHANNON.

much-abused wife, who, in the defence of the treasure, shoots him like a dog without being aware of his identity. By this seemingly untoward circumstance a way is eventually opened up for the happy union of Sergeant James and his affinity. The situations are melodramatic, but the characters are not untrue to human nature, and in the hands of such an efficient company of actors the play is a decidedly good example of its class.

Rosa Naynon's trained tropical birds—cockatoos, macaws and what not—provide an interesting half hour at Shea's this week. There are about sixty of these beautiful feathered creatures, mostly of the parrot species—some of them gorgeously colored, but the majority white. Their intelligence is marvelous and the tricks they perform interest everyone, young or old. It is a pretty and refining act, and appeals invariably to the taste of a cultured audience. Falke and Semon's musical specialties are good, and the comedy contributed by the black-faced member of the team among the best of the kind seen here this season. Burt Shepard, "just over from London," gives a monologue that savors of the land of pie rather than the home of roast beef, though personally the monologist looks like a real English beef-eater. Some of his jokes are kept in the refrigerator between performances—they are so "high." The Eretto family contribute a first-class acrobatic turn. Margaret Webb has a pleasing soprano voice, but is addicted to the tremolo. Henderson, of Henderson and Ross, performs a grotesque tight-rope feat, that is richly humorous as well as clever. Jules and Ella Garrison's burlesque of high tragedy stars is funny, but there can be too much of a good thing. Knight Brothers, burnt-cork song and dance artists, make a passably interesting contribution to a very excellent bill, which concludes with a comic series of kinetograph pictures entitled "A Trip to the Moon."

Miss Marguerite Dunn, whose elocutionary talents have brought her so much credit in her native city, is forming her season's classes in the art. Private tuition may be obtained from her, and those interested will find in Miss Dunn an exceedingly capable and enthusiastic teacher. Her announcement will be found on page 10.

"If I Were King," the McCarthy play in which Mr. Sothern recently appeared here, has now been re-written by its author as a romance. The novel is greatly inferior to the drama. The former is the more melodramatic and extravagant of the two. On the stage there is little rant and verbiage, but the book is replete with it. For example, Villon's victory over the Burgundians is announced simply enough in the acting version, but in the novel Mr. McCarthy makes his hero hold forth in this style: "Louis of France, we bring you these silks for your carpet. An hour ago they wooed the wind from Burgundian staves and floated over Burgundian helmets. I will make no vainglory of their winning. Burgundy fought well, but France fought better, and these trophies trail in our triumph. To a mercer's eyes these bits of tissue are but so many squares of damaged web. To a soldier's eye they cover crowded graves with honor. To a king's eye they deck one throne with lonely splendor," etc., etc.

Mrs. Minnie Madder Fiske will produce "Mary of Magdala" at the Manhattan Theater on the 19th inst. It is announced that Mrs. Fiske intends to stage-manage this production. The character of Mary Magdalene, which Mrs. Fiske is to represent, ought to offer her the finest opportunity for emotional acting since "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." But how will the public accept this play? Of all women in Scripture, Mary Magdalene was the one over whose life the Saviour threw the mantle of charity, and to many theater-goers the idea of this character being made "a woman with a past," in five acts, no matter how dramatic, is revolting. In the German original Judas is represented as the lover of Mary, and though the character of the Saviour is not introduced upon the stage, He actually furnishes the motive of the play, for Judas taxes Mary with loving Him, and eventually betrays Him on account of jealousy!

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is said, is going to produce Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" in New York during her present engagement. There has been a great to-do made in London about this play. The amusing Mr. Redford, the censor of plays, disapproved of it and refused it a public performance. It was given privately, however, and won the praise of the London critics. There are so many plays of worse morals permitted in London by Mr. Redford that one cannot understand his attitude towards this play.

"Sapho" and "Zaza" ran a slimy course of many weeks with his sanction, which causes one to wonder where, or how, this censor draws the line. "Monna Vanna" is not in the least an immoral play. There is one scene that might be made unpleasant by suggestion, but it is not necessarily unpleasant. LANCE.

The advent of those sterling artists, Herbert Keley and Effie Shannon, who will present the Conan Doyle-Gillette play, "Sherlock Holmes," at the Princess Theater next week, is an event of no little local interest, marking as it does the premiere of the famous play here. Mr. Keley, who is portraying the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, is looked upon as one of the handsomest men on the American stage. It was entirely due to Mr. Keley's physical attractiveness that the phrase "matinee idol" was coined. Miss Effie Shannon, who is playing Miss Faulkner in conjunction with Mr. Keley, is a most attractive actress. With a splendid technique, acquired by her long association with the New York Lyceum Theater as its leading lady, she combines great personal magnetism, and adds to these qualifications a perfect ease and grace and the absence of any artificiality whatever.

There will be a number of features on the bill at Shea's next week, including the "Holly Tree Inn," Bessie Penn Guard, Foy and Clark, Techow's Cats, and the Quigley Brothers. Because of the many famous names connected with the "Holly Tree Inn" it may be chosen as the principal feature. It is said of this sketch that if there were more like it in vaudeville there would be less harsh criticism of sketches in general. The "Holly Tree Inn" is a dramatization of Dickens' story, by Augustus Thomas. Mae Belle Ray and Blanche Alexander take the parts of two little tots of nine and seven, who elope and are on their way to Gretna Green to be married, when they are overtaken at the Holly Tree Inn by their mammas. Harry Brown and Mabel Gibson make typical English inn servants. As a special attraction Mr. Shea has secured Foy and Clark, who will be seen in a laughable sketch entitled "The Spring of Youth." The sketch is one of Will M. Cressy's, and the idea of it is something entirely new. Foy, as an invalid, comes to the springs, the waters of which are variously good for various ailments. It is in the administering of the waters by Miss Clark and the peculiar effects they produce that the humorous situations are brought out. In Techow's Cats Mr. Shea has secured an attraction that has been a feature in one theater in New York during the entire summer. Techow's Cats have been thoroughly trained, and it is the first time that a full-fledged troupe of felines have been shown on the stage. Bessie Penn Guard, a young society woman of Buffalo, who made her debut in vaudeville last week, will be another special attraction. She has what may be termed a double voice. She will sing Andrew Mack's "Rose Song," the first verse in a high soprano, the second in a baritone. The Quigley Brothers, Bob and George, will present what is claimed to be a new departure in conversational comedy. They have created "A Congressman at Large," and it is this Congressman's description of the manner of putting bills through that keeps everybody laughing. They presented the act in New York a few weeks ago and it made a hit. The remainder of the bill will include the Lowe-Hughes trio, instrumentalists of marked ability; Zazelle and Vernon, comedy acrobats; Wartenburg Brothers, foot jugglers, and the kinetograph, with pictures of recent war manoeuvres.

That great stage spectacle, "Ben Hur," is to follow the Keley and Shannon engagement at the Princess, commencing November 10th. The chariot race is the great feature of this play, and extensive changes will require to be made to the Princess's stage.

Next week at the Grand is to be devoted to magic and legerdemain. Servais Leroy, Mlle. Talma and Leon Bosco, with a company of high-class entertainers, are the performers announced on the bills.



A French Caricature of Mascagni.
—From "L'Assiette de Beurre."

About Captain Bernier's Record.

To the Editor.—In an article on the Canadian Polar expedition, Captain Bernier is credited with taking from off the Newfoundland coast the "Scottish King." Captain Bernier had no more to do with that job than the Editor of "Saturday Night." He was simply captain of the tug "Petrel" for Mr. William Lesslie, manager of the Collin's Bay Rafting Company, who took the job of floating the "Scottish King," and devised quite an original method for carrying out the work. Captain Bernier had no knowledge of the methods to be employed until Mr. Lesslie explained them to him, and, as a matter of fact, he was not on the wreck very much while the work was going on. Captain Bernier deserves credit for his perseverance and determination in the Polar matter, and I hope success will follow, but he must not, however, sail under false colors nor claim another's success. AVALON.

Kingston, October 27, 1902.

Church Music in Toronto.

III.—Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

PASSED a very profitable evening at Jarvis Street Baptist Church last Sunday, where I heard a most impressive service of praise with modern music beautifully rendered. The singing of the choir is a striking and convincing illustration of the wonderful advance which has been made in the musical services of the non-Episcopal churches of the city during the past ten or twelve years. Evidently at Jarvis Street Church, pastor and people regard the musical service as a most important, and perhaps an indispensable part of divine worship, and so far as is in their power have given it a distinction and efficiency worthy of the cause. There is no perfunctory singing in this church; on the contrary, every member seems to be absorbed in his or her work, and one feels that the chorus is not only a body of singers, but also of worshippers. It struck me also that while the choir is the trained, and therefore the most considerable, factor in the musical service, the hymns selected were of a character to give ample opportunity for full congregational singing.

I should fancy the musical selections at this church are of a character to meet with general approval. On the particular evening under notice, while there were no numbers of the deadly dull, respectfully scientific musical order, there was no attempt at any florid work, either solo or choral. The principal excerpts, by Gounod and Gaul, were rich in simple harmonies of an elevated but plain melodic flow, and with an emotional power that appealed to the religious feeling of the hearers. The organist and choir-master, Mr. A. S. Vogt, has put himself on record as being opposed to any striving after effects in church music. Nevertheless, his choir produced some very fine effects during the evening, but these effects were appropriate and heightened the religious expression. I might instance the vocal recitation of the Lord's Prayer to a setting supplied by Mr. Vogt himself. The choir in this sang with an exquisitely soft and evenly blended tone, the effect being that of a highly trained choir heard from a distance. The great feature of this pianissimo singing was that no voice predominated for a moment, and as to the organ accompaniment, it was merely an unassuming support for the voices. Those in the congregation who were not moved by the charm of this subdued singing must have been exceptionally unsympathetic. In the first number for the choir, which was the finale to Gounod's "Gallia," "Now behold! O Lord," the singing developed plenty of power and volume, but always free from stridency or harshness. The soprano solo, "O Jerusalem," introduced in the middle of the movement, was sung by Miss Dora McMurtry, whose voice of clear and pure timbre, and of a high range, is eminently fitted for church work. The interpretation of the solo was, moreover, appropriate, unaffected, and yet earnest in expression, careful and finished in phrasing. The great effort of the choir as a whole was the Gounod unaccompanied anthem, "Come unto Me," which was a much more highly finished and graduated rendering than that given recently by the Westminster party in the Metropolitan Church, although the English vocalists sang the number particularly well. But with Mr. Vogt's choir the influence of a controlling mind in the preparation, and the superior richness and color of the women's voices as compared with those of the Westminster boys, were paramount advantages. Finally, I must mention the bass solo and choral sanctus, "Behold I see a new heaven and a new earth," from Gaul's "Holy City." Mr. A. L. E. Davies, the soloist, sang with a fine, rich, sonorous volume of tone and rendered the music with devotional feeling and impressive enunciation. I must not omit noting that throughout the service, the organ, as played by Mr. Vogt, was the modest but firm support and the efficient helpmate of the choir. It was only in the concluding voluntary that Mr. Vogt allowed the massive tonal resources and strength of the instrument to be heard. Taking the musical service as a whole, it was the best I have yet heard in the city, and I scarcely expect to hear anything better.

There are a few interesting reminiscences connected with the Jarvis Street Church and its choir. The original home was in Bond Street, and among the first organists was Dr. J. P. Clarke, an enthusiastic but conservative musician, who will be remembered as having been conductor of the old Philharmonic Society in 1872, just before the advent of Mr. Torrington. The introduction of a pipe organ into the church created no small sensation. So fierce was the opposition to the instrument that its advocates found it necessary to have it taken secretly by night into the church. The "anti-organites" were much astonished and somewhat mystified on taking their seats in the church on the following Sunday morning to find the hated instrument in its place. Among the present members of Jarvis Street Church previous to its removal to its present site in 1875 are Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mrs. Burns, Mr. W. J. Davis, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Mrs. T. Sutherland Stainer, Mrs. Shuttleworth, and a few others. The organ now standing imposingly in the church was a gift from Mrs. McMaster, and cost at the outset \$8,000. But it has since been rebuilt at an additional cost of about \$4,000, and fitted with electric-pneumatic action. The tone is exceptionally fine, being very brilliant and powerful as the result of the German diapasons and French reeds contained in the scheme, and, on the other hand, having the advantage of a number of new English reeds of a mellower character, and some charmingly voiced string stops. The first organist in the new church was Mr. W. Lugsdin, who was succeeded by the builder of the original organ, Dr. William Horatio Clarke. After several years Dr. Clarke was succeeded by Mr. E. R. Doward, who in turn gave way to Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The present organist, Mr. A. S. Vogt, was chosen for the position in 1888, and has occupied it ever since, in addition to filling the duties of choir-master.

The choir roll shows a membership of forty voices, made up of twelve sopranos, nine altos, nine tenors and ten basses, these being again subdivided into seven first and five second sopranos, four first and five second altos, five first and four second tenors, and five first and five second basses. The quartette of leading singers has been judiciously selected, and consists of Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano; Miss Helen K. Ferguson, contralto; Mr. Victor Hutchison, tenor, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, bass. The repertory of the choir contains about two hundred standard anthems and choruses, unaccompanied motettes and shorter works without accompaniment. A specialty is made of eight-part unaccompanied works, and a large number of such compositions are included in the choir's repertory. The music of the Anglican Church, of which Mr. Vogt is a great admirer, is largely drawn upon, and the leading German, French, Italian, American and Russian composers are also well represented. The reputation of the choir has extended far beyond the limits of Toronto. It is favorably known among the musicians of the large cities of the United States. The choir is, or has been, strongly represented in the Mendelssohn Society, and has contributed much to the success of the larger organization. There is not much room for change in the constitution of the choir, but I fancy that it would be an improvement to increase the number of singers to fifty, a total which should give just sufficient power to suit the requirements of the place. Many members of the congregation will, of course, differ from me as to this point, but I for one should welcome the increased volume of tone and the increased dynamic resources which the addition would give. In conclusion it is but just to say that the example of Jarvis Street Church has done much to encourage many city churches of other denominations to raise the standard of their own musical services. I know, for certain, that several organists and choir-masters have been stimulated by laudatory references made to Mr. Vogt's choir at the annual meetings of their own congregations. CHERUBINO.



A HOT CHASE FOR A SLIPPERY PRIZE.

IN THE DARK.

A Strange Adventure in a Railway Compartment.

I WENT one morning to Poissy to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney. As I was about to leave the office, the head clerk called me to his desk and said: "There is also some money coming to you from your uncle's estate. Six thousand francs. Here it is."

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. Because of this delay, I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compartment, as I supposed, I hurriedly entered it. As I sat down, I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my ease.

The lady was young, beautiful and elegant. A dark blue traveling dress of a correct cut set off her slender, graceful figure. Masses of golden hair rippled back under a dark blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill. A dainty patent leather shoe was visible below the hem of her skirt. A watch with some coquettish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangles bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-handled umbrella, in its sheath, leaned against a portiere near her. From my observation, I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifle English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my surveillance that I could not even see the color of her eyes.

After we had left the Maisons Lafitte station, the thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocket-book. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the remembrance of my bequest, and I could not resist a childish desire to handle my little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted them without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The six thousand francs were there. I folded the money up, put it back into the pocket-book, and, with my usual heedlessness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them, and tossed them back on the seat.

I was soon made aware, by the vibration of the coach, that we had reached the Asnières Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, began slowly and composedly to unlatch the glove on her right hand. Finally she drew it off. We were about to reach our destination. It was not the time for removing one's gloves. Still the act did not impress me at the time. I merely admired the slim, nervous hand, with its tapering fingers. The girl clasped and unclasped them with marvelous agility, as if they were numb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batignolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not lighted. A moment afterward, with a confused rumbling of wheels and rails, we entered the tunnel.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side. Careless as I usually am, it is a wonder that the sound attracted my attention, and still more of one that I thought of my pocket-book. By some intuition, however, I did so.

Not intentionally, but with an instinctive, rough gesture, of which I should have been ashamed in the daylight, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I felt something move under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistle shrieked out. The speed slackened and we came to a standstill in the blackness of the tunnel. For a moment, I experienced a veritable nightmare. With a rustling and tearing of papers the struggle continued, silently but fiercely.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet. I saw nothing, heard nothing, not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my every movement. Suffocated by emotion and wearied by the tension on my nerves, I waited for the daylight for deliverance.

After a period of time, very short, probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntarily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pulling. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down, I clasped only my pocket-book. The hand had escaped. I knew not when nor how.

I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it.

At last a grey light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day. My first glance was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same air of haughty indifference. Nothing about her toilet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the gold-handled umbrella leaned against the portiere, the patent leather toe protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

She looked pale, however, and her eyes were bent on her right hand, as she slowly laced up her glove. It truly seemed as if I were waking from a dream. And what proof could I offer to the contrary?

The train stopped and the platform was on my side. The lady rose, dropping the paper from her lap, took her umbrella, and with a perfectly composed and polite "Pardon me, sir," passed in front of me.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps, and, noticing my gesture, she turned half round, and for the first time I saw her eyes.

They were as blue as the sky and limpid and beautiful in expression. They gazed at me with so much surprise and candor that I was disarmed completely, and I let her go unmolested. Had it not been for the rumpled torn papers on the seat beside me, I might have been tempted to believe that the mut' but force of the dark was merely an hallucination or a bad dream.—Translated from the French of Charles Feley by H. Twitchell.

New Fashions for Winter Bridesmaids.

Will the "Costume Wedding" Obtain a Foothold?

IF our great-grandmothers and grandfathers were able to attend a fashionable modern wedding, their amazement at the whole proceeding would justifiably be extraordinary.

It is curious to see how the hour of the ceremony has fluctuated within the last two decades. Up to 1886 11.30 was the fashionable hour for a wedding. Two years later it became midday. As the function became more elaborate and more preparation was needed half-past one was the favored hour, and the "breakfast" was cut down to the shortest possible dimensions. At the present day there is only one time at which to be married—half-past two, an hour which admits of a light lunch being partaken of before the ceremony, and is generally found most convenient.

For a "quiet" wedding, at which only relations attend, and the bride is married in her "going away" dress, half-past nine is the correct hour. The couple, as a rule, start



The Revival of an old Custom.

One of the "new" features of a wedding ceremonial. The bridesmaids wear chaplets of flowers and tulle veils, and instead of bouquets carry flowers affixed to shepherdesses' crooks.

on their honeymoon as soon as the "good-byes" are over, and as little fuss is made as possible. Fourteen or fifteen years ago in England a curious craze for evening weddings came into existence in the highest social circles. Special licenses, costing thirty guineas, had to be procured from the Archbishop to admit of the ceremony being performed at an uncanonical hour, and 6 p.m. was the time selected for these marriages. But the Church frowned on evening weddings, and now in fashionable circles they are very rare.

As to the most popular day for the happy event, Saturday leads, with about forty per cent. of weddings. Tuesday and Thursday follow with twenty per cent. each. Monday is next in popularity, with fifteen per cent., while Wednesday is the day on which four and a half per cent. of the ceremonies are performed. Friday, with its proverbial ill-luck attaching to it, comes last—a Friday wedding, in fact, takes place once in a blue honeymoon.

There are several old customs to which modern brides are harking back in despair of inventing something fresh to differentiate their great day from those of other brides. The groomsmen are one. Why that useful individual in repetition was ever amalgamated into one impersonation records do not narrate. For years he has been present only as best man in attendance upon the bridegroom, and the merely ornamental groomsmen, whose place on the great day used to be by the side of a bridesmaid, received his dismissal years ago. Now he sees a very fair chance of being reinstated in his enviable office. A recent English bride was attended to the altar by several maids, to each of whom was allocated a cavalier, with the most happy effect.

In numbers the following of bridesmaids increases annually. This season it has been no uncommon sight in London churches to see a brilliant train of twelve fair girls, and in a few instances the number has risen above that.

One of the prettiest dress schemes worn by a bevy of bridesmaids recently was an early Victorian white muslin frock all ruffled and flounced, with a soft fichu about the bare throat, and a blue silk sash knotted at one side. The touch of novelty was evinced in the wreath of forget-me-nots and white roses worn by each bridesmaid instead of a hat. A long white tulle veil was arranged with the wreath, so that the Church's ordinance that women's heads shall be covered in the sacred edifice was obeyed. It is difficult for the dressmakers and milliners to study the individual tastes and requirements of each bridesmaid. The color that will suit a brunette does not do full justice to the charms of a blonde, while a flower toque that looks perfect above one face will by no means enhance the charms of another. Picture hats usually prevail because they can be induced to suit every style of comeliness.

At one remarkable "American" wedding recently not only had every bridesmaid a groomsmen, but each bridesmaid and each groomsmen wore garb of the time of the Puritans. The idea originated in the well-known and picturesque custom of the bride being attended by little pages dressed in Royalist suits. The little pages were done away with and the adult groomsmen wore the fancy costume instead. The idea savors too much of theatricality, perhaps, but the effect was certainly striking.

Concerning new jewelry for bridesmaids, tortoiseshell prongs with jewels at the top or surmounted with an ornament in art nouveau work are fashionable at the moment, and have taken the place of the tiny corsage and wristlet watches that were so much a la mode before. Belt clasps, silver buttons and buckles in velvet cases, bangles with a lucky bell or some other charm attached to them, and brooches set with birth-day stones, are received with great commendation. Just lately, since it became fashionable for the bride to carry a prayer-book bound in white vellum, ivory or mother-of-pearl in lieu of a bouquet, these dainty volumes have also been given to the maids. Bouquets are also expected, however. Sometimes they decorate a tall stick or crook borne by each bridesmaid.

In no detail more pronouncedly than in the cutting of the cake is the decay of ancient customs visible. The moment at which the bride rose to perform this solemn duty was in olden days one of the most important of the whole wedding function. Now the cake is cut without any ceremony at all, and presently the bride will have nothing to do with it whatsoever. As it is, she does not saw the sugar through, for the cake has been cut beforehand, and all she has to do is to pretend to sever the first piece from the rest.



THE LATE FRANK NORRIS.

Author of the remarkable book, "The Octopus," who died on Sunday at San Francisco, aged 32 years.

Counter-Irritant.

"Good heavens, old man, what have you got in your carriage?" "Nothing, old fellow, but my usual box of limburger. It helps me to bear with the automobiles I meet."—New York "Life."

Rugby.

SATURDAY last a heavy snowstorm struck the Rugby teams doing business in Toronto. Both the Argonauts and 'Varsity, after the games at Ottawa and Toronto, required assistance in getting to bed, so dense was the blizzard that snowed them under. Otherwise their fate would have been similar to poor Lucy Grey's.

In Toronto it was really cruel of 'Varsity, and worse than stealing candy from a six-monther, to take fifty and seventy-five cents from the innocents who went to get their money's worth at the tussle between McGill and 'Varsity. Not in years has there been such a sad exhibition of Rugby, so far as 'Varsity figured, and one was led to believe the aggregation consisted of Filipinos trying the "water cure," so fond were they of the water pail. Only once were their rooters given a chance to rend the heavens with that war cry of 'V-a-r-s-i-t-y. The local team, collectively, sadly lacked the presence of old-time war horses, combination and generalship, but the exhibition might not have been so bad had Referee "Bunt" Dalton insisted on a proper scrimmage formation. Little can be said of McGill except that the extreme weakness of their opponents allowed them to play quite brilliantly at times, particularly in retaining possession of the pigskin. Otherwise nothing in particular transpired except that the crowd had been dosed with enough disappointment to scare many home at half-time.

Of course the Argos got a lick of the whitewash and fell by the wayside at Ottawa, too, but those who paid their coin got a good "Rugby run" for their money, especially at seeing Hardisty make that now historic long punt.

But to be candid, Rugby has been a disappointment in Toronto this season. That old-time enthusiasm seems to have waned. The O.R.F.U. seems to have waned, too, when only two teams at present constitute the Union. In the interests of Rugby—as J. P. Morgan would say—there seems nothing left now to do but to bring about a consolidation of the Intercollegiate and O.R.F. Unions. The abolishing of the scrimmage is also advocated by many, but there is a danger of the snapback system making the game of Rugby too much like Association football.

Q. T.



The Argonauts' Retreat from Ottawa.

The Mellow, Hazy Days.

By Bishop John Lancaster Spalding.

Just appointed by President Roosevelt a Member of the Anthracite Strike Commission.

O glorious Autumn woods, whose myriad hues
Uplight the face of earth with richer glow
Than may be seen when Spring's sweet flowers blow,
And wear the jeweled crown of pearly dew!

How tender, pure the thoughts which you infuse
Into the soul, bringing the long-ago
With all its memories of joy and woe,
Until the vision the whole heart subdues!

So soon the mellow, hazy days shall die;
The frost shall crisp your many-tinted leaves,
And howling blasts with all their glory fly,
And you shall stand like one whom death bereaves,
With outstretched trembling hands to the dark sky,
Which gives no sign however much he grieves.

"The Picture Thing."

FEW chapters in the world's history are more curious and interesting than that which deals with the fortunes of its art treasures. In the cathedral at Montreal is—or was a few years ago—a large piece of tapestry which had been discovered in a back street of a New England town. The story is told in Mrs. Silsbee's "Half-Century of Salem." One day a certain Mr. Miller, passing through Derby street, saw a woman beating clouds of dust from a carpet. Something peculiar in its appearance made him stop and look closely at it, when he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a splendid piece of tapestry with life-size figures wrought from Raphael's cartoon, "Feed my lamb." The woman was quite willing to tell how she obtained it; it was, in fact, a standing grievance to her. Her husband was a sailor, and when he went out on one of his voyages she had begged him to bring her a carpet for her best room. As it happened, he did not visit a port where he could buy a carpet, but rolled up in a little shop on the quay at Malta he had found the tapestry and purchased it, thinking it might answer the purpose. It was too large for the room, and the woman had had to turn a big piece under; she folded the piece back, revealing part of the superb border of fruit and flowers, wrought in silk and gold thread, as fresh as when it was first worked. But the owner eyed it with contempt. She never did like the queer picture thing, she declared. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. Mr.

Miller promptly offered her the choice of any carpet in the stores in exchange for her "queer picture thing," and the woman as promptly accepted the offer. They went down town together, and she selected with unbounded delight a gorgeous pattern of glowing reds and greens. Her face was full of triumph when she returned; the best room at last was to have a carpet that was a carpet! It is safe to say that no bargain ever gave more complete satisfaction to both parties than the one made that morning in Derby street, Salem.

The Man Who Stayed.

FOR one woman who dominates her husband in China there are doubtless nine of the approved Oriental stripe of humility; nevertheless, Chinese humorous literature abounds in references to henpecked husbands. Prof. Herbert Allen Giles of the University of Cambridge told one of these stories in the closing lecture of his recent course at Columbia College.

Ten henpecked husbands resolved to form a society to resist the imposition of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan, and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered the room in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands fled, but the tenth one retained his place, apparently unmoved by the unexpected visitation. The ten wives, after smiling contemptuously on the one man who remained, went back to their homes, well content with the success of their raid. The nine husbands thereupon returned to their meeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the president of the society. When they entered the room, however, to inform him of the honor, it was found that he was dead. He had died of fright.

An Indian's Strange Tomb.

THE gold fields of the Yukon have enabled the Indians of Alaska to follow the example of the wealthy white people and build mausoleums for their dead. This is a photo of a mausoleum built for an Indian chief at Dyea, Alaska. Inside are the remains of the mighty warrior, Kuck-Shaw, who passed on to the happy hunting grounds in 1895. He was a chief of the Tagish Indians at the head of Lake Bennett, and was known as a good Indian with a bad appetite.

His squaw, or royal consort, found some yellow stones which turned out to be gold nuggets and were appropriated by the big chief. Kuck-Shaw disposed of the gold for Yankee money and then crossed the mountains to pay an



official visit to the Chilkoot tribe at Dyea. A grand pow-wow followed his arrival, and Kuck-Shaw drank long and often of the firewater for three days. Then his war-whoop came only in a whisper and for two nights he fought bears and butterflies, and was found frozen to death one morning. His squaw gathered more gold nuggets and paid a Yankee contractor \$500 to build this mausoleum and Kuck-Shaw was re-buried with grand ceremony. Inside are all his war clubs, bows and arrows, blankets and Sunday clothes. There is also an ample supply of dried meats, which is renewed from time to time, and an alarm clock which can be seen in the picture. The clock is supposed to go off for the Judgment Day, but it has never been wound up. His squaw now lives with the Chilkoot tribe, and acts as custodian of this house. The accompanying photograph was taken by La Roche, Seattle, Wash.

One on Mascagni.

When Pietro Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," arrived in New York from Europe, he was awakened early by the booming of guns and braying of bands. Looking out of his state-room window, he saw a procession of gayly decorated boats headed toward the "Philadelphia," on which he and Signora Mascagni were passengers. Naturally he was pleased. But as he stood leaning over the rail, after he had dressed, he noticed that none of the men and women who crowded the mosquito fleet were returning his bows. They were all looking at a long-bearded old man standing a little further aft. Then it was that Mascagni learned that that celebration was not intended for him, but for General Booth, head of the Salvation Army. Later on, however, a big crowd of resident Italians met the distinguished composer at the pier, and gave him a fitting welcome.

Nipped in the Bud.

"Oh, Alfred! Isn't it too bad? Just as we had everything so nicely arranged for our elopement, father has gone and sanctioned the match."—"Harper's Monthly."

She (time 11 p.m.)—Are you aware of the fact that I am a mind reader? He—No, indeed. But to put you to the test, tell me what I'm thinking of. "You are thinking of starting for home immediately."—Chicago "Daily News."



Irish Sam—B. goria. St. Patrick never finished his job!

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Anecdotal.

Of Gladstone, Henry Labouchere once remarked: "I do not object to Mr. Gladstone's occasionally having an ace up his sleeve. But I do wish he would not always say that Providence put it there."

Congressman Charles N. Fowler of New Jersey recently visited one of his constituents in Union County, and found him trying to give some medicine to his little son, who had eaten too many green apples, while a Christian Science neighbor was assuring the boy that there was nothing at all the matter with him. "I think I ought to know," groaned the boy; "I guess I've got inside information."

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician, who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation, President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his ancestral ancestors, grow a tail, and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

It is related that on one occasion Judge Roy Bean of Texas, who is better known as "the law west of the Pecos River," held a coroner's inquest on a Mexican who had been found dead near the Pecos River. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The crowd was dispersing when the judge called them back. "There is another matter to attend to," he said; "on this man's body was found fifty dollars and a six-shooter. It is contrary to the laws of Texas and to the peace and dignity of the State to carry concealed weapons. Therefore, I confiscate the revolver and fine the deceased one dollar. The costs of the case are just forty-nine dollars, which just settles his estate."

A good story is told of the quick-witted Irish lawyer, Baron O'Grady, who on one occasion was trying a case in a country court, outside of the walls of which a fair was in progress. Amid the miscellaneous herds of animals were a considerable number of asses, and one of these commenced to bray loudly. At once the chief barrister stopped the advocate, who at that moment happened to be pleading. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe, I cannot hear two at once." The court roared, and the advocate flushed. Presently, when the judge came to sum up, another ass struck in and the bray resounded through the court. Up jumped Mr. Bushe at once, with his hand to his ear. "Would your Lordship speak a little more loudly? There is such an echo in the court that I cannot hear distinctly."

During a visit to the South with an expedition, some years ago, an eminent American professor met an old negro servant, whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor, in an idle moment, called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, you watch your chickens, you will find they will all go to roost." Sam was skeptical of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He

approached the professor in awed wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?" "Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily. "Did you know a year ago, massa?" "Yes," "Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man; "dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"

Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that, until the negro learned not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration, he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were very lax when on sentry duty, and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak, and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." had been exchanged, Sherman replied: "Roxbury?" "No, sah," was the polite but firm response. "Medford?" "No, sah!" "Charleston!" Sherman next tried. "No, sah!" No, sah!" said the negro, determinedly. Then he added: "Now, see here—yo' can go fru' th' whole blamed joggafry; but Massa Sherman he done say dat nobody can get pas' me wifout sayin' 'Cambridge!'"

Song of the Baby's Shirt.

Stitch, stitch, stitch.
In a soft, delicious dream,
A wee pearl button, a tiny loop,
A feather-stitch down a seam.
A dainty hem as wide as a straw,
An edging of filmy lace,
And a wisp of ribbon, of baby blue,
To fasten it all in place.

Stitch, stitch, stitch.
Into every buttonhole,
A loving wish and a tender hope
For the newly opening soul.

And the dainty thing as it finished lies,
With its folds of ribbon and lace,
Calls up a dream of two soft eyes
And a dear little dimpled face.

Stitch, stitch, stitch.
In a tender dream, beguiled,
Oh, my heart and my eyes are full to-night
As I think of my little child.

Hide it away with loving hand,
And a prayer in every fold,
And a clinging kiss for a smugpled thing
That baby's shirt shall hold.
—Adah Louise Sutton.

All Due to a Discharged Coachman.

It was announced by cable the other day that the young Queen of Holland had resumed her accustomed place at The Hague with restored health, and that her husband, Prince Henry, had returned simultaneously. This seems to be a proper occasion for contradicting all the vile scandals that were put afloat some months ago of alleged quarrels between Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, and of ill-treatment on his part toward herself, and of indignation in court circles at The Hague by reason thereof. The New York "Evening Post" declares that it is in a position to state that the Queen's marriage was a love match as genuine as any that ever takes place in private life, but it did not receive the sanction of the Dutch Government until the character of Prince Henry as developed from infancy to manhood was fully known. All the presumptions, therefore, are that the home-life of the Queen is a happy one. None of these who come in contact with her have ever doubted this. A rumor to the contrary was first set afloat by a discharged coachman. It was seized upon by a raging newspaper reporter, and as it passed along the line, was magnified till it resembled a case of wife-beating, and necessitated the challenge to a duel sent to Prince Henry by a young nobleman, who could no longer endure the outrages heaped upon the Queen by her brutal husband. The original story of the discharged coachman was false, and all the rest was yellow journalism. Nobody in Holland who was in a position to know the facts ever believed a word of it, but all such persons were deeply mortified that such publications should be credited in other countries.

A Friend in Need.

The Remarkable and Happy Result of Timely Advice in the Case of a Hamilton Young Lady.

It is a wise friend indeed that gives us the right advice in our extremity. Miss Lizzie Watling, dressmaker, at 177 King William street, Hamilton, Ont., has good reason to be thankful to a friend of hers for some good advice given in an hour of need.

Miss Watling was for several years a great sufferer with Dyspepsia. The pain she had to endure was very trying. She got at last so that she could eat nothing that would digest without giving her much distress. She says:

"I could not get anything to relieve me of my trouble till a friend of mine advised me to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

"I will always be grateful to her for this advice, for they not only relieved me, but in a short time completely cured me."

This was five years ago, and since then I am happy to say that I have not had any stomach trouble whatever, and, of course, I am satisfied that my cure was a perfect and permanent one."

"I can and will always heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to anyone who may be suffering from stomach trouble, for I am sure from my own experience that they are the very best medicine for that sort of thing. Indeed, I found them to be the only medicine, and they therefore have my heartiest recommendation."

There are medicines that relieve stomach trouble, but Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do more, they not only relieve but absolutely and forever cure the most chronic cases.

Miss Watling's case is ample proof of this statement.

Hers was not a trifling case, but a very serious one. She had suffered for years and had got to the point when everything that entered her stomach brought with it pain and distress.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cured her five years ago, and her statement positively proves that she has stayed cured.



Prophets, Pockets and Folk-Lore.—A Study of Brides.

WHO is the most satisfied man on earth? asks the eternal querist. Surely it is the prophet whose forecast comes true. There is a spreading glow of satisfaction in the soul of each of us who has had the nerve and the insight to bravely foretell a thing and see it come to pass. Justification of our faith and knowledge. It's the case, connect the links in every son and daughter of man, I suppose, but it's just the loveliest, most balmly feeling, and may you and I often experience it!

I've been lately making a study of brides. You'd never know how fascinating they show up in the hour or two one has the chance to study them, while the veil and wreath are yet on their heads, and their surroundings are as trying as probably even themselves could desire. There's the nervous, blushed, automatic bride, whose hands are cold and limp, and the excited, flushed and rattled bride, whose hands are hot and trembling and lips compressed, and there's the flippant bride, whose head has a toss and whose eyes are restless and searching, who notices the smallest matter of greeting and suspects the faintest smile. There's the calculating bride, who looks thoughtful and is mentally sizing up her own magnificence, the number of her guests and gifts, and the impression the whole affair is making on the public. There is the fussiest bride, who whispers to mamma and watches the clock, and lifts her gown as she goes to eat the cake, and throws her bouquet into the chandelier, because she is anxious her sister shall catch it, and, woman-like, aims askew. And she asks you if everything went off properly, and did you think, and didn't you think, and never hears your anxious assurances, because she's asking someone else the same thing. There's the sentimental bride, who clings to her new hubby's arm during the reception and gazes soulfully into his eyes whenever she gets a chance, and cries when she says good-by to her parents, and nearly misses the train because she won't go without a portrait of her entire family group, nor her favorite smelling-bottle. And there's the up-to-date and matter-of-fact bride, who is aggressively offhand and careless, who won't receive the guests in state, but walks about her drawing-room; who sends her bridegroom for a glass of champagne—"if you don't mind, old boy"—and drinks it before anyone can send a glass wish her ways; who says: "We shall do very well, I fancy. Each of us likes liberty and equality, like those revolutionists," when some pious old lady hopes the bride realizes her serious obligations. And outside all these tremulous, hypnotized or aggressively calm and matter-of-fact young women there is a bride before whom the gods bow themselves, as they will always bow, poor old leathens! before the perfect creation. This bride is encompassed by a purity and a seriousness that suggest the sacred and make one apt to silently protest against the very happiest marriage that ever was. It is the bride who acts, this stilled protest, and this it is which hardens the lip of the father when he must step forward and formally renounce his dear guardianship at the priest's enquiry. It is this which whitens the face of the mother, as with yearning eyes she follows the daughter of her heart to the altar; she may weep over her later on, but the moment of protest is past, and she weeps weakly, acquiescently. The ideal bride is wrapped in the solemnity of her vows, her renunciation of vow and pledge, and her soul looks out from eyes that do not see the guests, the favors, the flowers, or perhaps anything but the Spirit whom she is making a witness of her promises. A subtle change comes over her when the words are once uttered; a calm dignity and consciousness of the new life is already in her face. She meets the world with less of the untellable, the unknown; she is more human and possibly more cordly as she turns away from the sacred place to meet wealth, or hardship, or the fates only know what new conditions. A high courage and reserve should lift her head and a tenderness and peace should curve her lips. Her eyes no longer miss the dear, human interests, and her hand is firm to clasp the hands of those who come to greet and wish her well. But she is not effusively grateful nor playfully cynical, nor in any way affected by these wishes. One feels that they only touch the hem of her garment and have none. She is cordly as she turns away from the sacred place to meet wealth, or hardship, or the fates only know what new conditions. A high courage and reserve should lift her head and a tenderness and peace should curve her lips. Her eyes no longer miss the dear, human interests, and her hand is firm to clasp the hands of those who come to greet and wish her well. But she is not effusively grateful nor playfully cynical, nor in any way affected by these wishes.

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Pinero's "Iris."

PINERO'S play "Iris," which Virgins Harned is playing in New York, and which everybody, especially women, have rushed to see, is the story of the downfall of an exceedingly feeble and poor-spirited woman. The author's idea of his heroine was that great personal beauty, charm of manner and a winning childishness of disposition covered and offset the inner poverty of character. There are, doubtless, many Iris's in the world. We have all probably met one or more. When we first see Pinero's Iris she is a young widow, living sumptuously on the thousands of her late husband. She has a string to her. If she married again she would lose them. The luxury that her money gives her is part of her life; she and it are inseparable. Iris without her beautiful clothes, her jewels, her fine house and her retinue of servants, is a thing not to be conceived. Yet she is trembling on the verge of renouncing them all. She is twenty-six, and for the first time loves—a good-looking, helpless, gentlemanly, pauperized young Englishman.

Yet so obnoxious and terrifying is the thought of life in a log hut in British Columbia, which will be her portion if she marries the young man, that she tries to make herself accept her other suitor, Freddie Maldonado, a sort of Rothschild; immensely rich, having a touch of the Jew and Spaniard. But, after vacillating between her hot-blooded millionaire and her gentlemanly pauper, Iris finally throws herself into the arms of the latter. She will not let him return to log-hut life in British Columbia. They live in a dream of unending joy—he as her guest at her villa on the Lake of Como. Her friends grow uneasy; people begin to talk. When she speaks of returning to duty she suggests that he leave the pecuniary end of things to her. She is rich.

This is the situation when two thunderbolts fall. Laurence's uncle won't give him any more money, and he has to return to British Columbia, and Iris's trustee absconds, having lost her fortune. Everybody but Maldonado, who is so rich nothing can touch him, and Laurence, who is so poor he has not a penny to lose, are hurt by this catastrophe. But poor Iris is almost completely beggared. From her original estate, an income of fifteen dollars a week is reduced, and she has a desperate parting with Laurence, in which, with tears and sobs, she promises to wait three years for him, her cries of anguish rending the air as he departs in the gray dawn.

From this on begins her second and terrible downfall. Maldonado, who has been doing the devoted friend act, has seen and understood the situation, and has been filled with the gnawing passions of rage and revenge that belong to his Spanish blood. He determines to be quits with the woman who has scorned him for a raw boy, and he sees his instrument in her poverty. In the play it is not told till the end how he finally conquers and crushes her, throwing temptations of money-spending in her way, and covertly watching her as she sinks from one phase of poverty to another, her feeble nature battling futilely against the horrors of the penury she has never before known.

Our next sight of her is in a very beautiful tea-gown, in a very elaborate flat, both, presumably, the property of Maldonado. She is wretched, but her wretchedness is neither convincing nor provocative of sympathy. The situation is too hopelessly and brutally sordid. Iris has got the tea-gown and the flat, which, after all is said and done, were the sort of things she lived for—or certainly could not live without. She moans and yaps over her downfall and her degradation, and quarrels with Maldonado, and altogether is a dreary, ineffectual, sapless being, without the strength to be good or the courage to be bad.

Of course, the log-cabin lover comes back from British Columbia at this stage of the game. And, equally, of course, he joyously and briskly goes forth to find her. And, also, of course, she is very glad to hear he is in town, and sends him a message to come at nine o'clock, as Maldonado will be in the country, and then rushes into her room and puts on a black dress. Then when he comes she sits down near the footlights, and in a voice drenched with tears tells him the story of the last two variegated years. He is appalled, aghast, amazed. The tale of the poverty that included back bedrooms and broken boots for the once debonaire and pampered Iris, wakes no thrill of sympathy in him. He is sickened and repelled. Her weepy recital of unrighted penury—and you can't lose sight of the fact that she always did have that fifteen dollars a week—leaves him cold and unmoved. He makes no response when she sobs and writhes in graceful, serpentine anguish. And finally, with hardly a word (an admirable feature in the high-strung scene), he goes, leaving her to Maldonado and her fate.

This comes quickly. Maldonado has discovered all, and crept back in time to hear the conversation. He enters the room in a hideous fury, and for a moment seizes her by the neck and wrings it. Then, with an effort, he controls the blind impulse to kill, and loses his hold upon her. She is not worth killing, he tells her. For a year he has yielded to passion. Now prudence is in control. Standing with his back to the fireplace he talks to her coldly and cynically. He finally orders her to go. She offers some feeble word of protest. He jerks his head at the door of her room where her clothes are. She gets her hat and jacket. Stupidly she traverses the room, looking at him with scared eyes. He watches her miserably, neither speaking. She gains the door, opens it, slips out and slowly closes it. Then Maldonado, with a wild yell of hysterical laughter, dies at the furniture, lifts it up and crashes it down, hurls the china vases to the ground, seizes the mahogany table and smashes it against the floor, while his shrieks of mad laughter fill the theater. A more terrible finale was never seen in a modern play. A more morbid and depressing play was never seen in a modern theater.

What is Mr. Pinero's message in "Iris," if it has a message? Some have denied that it has—have called it a brutal and meaningless spectacle. A writer in "Harper's Weekly" thinks differently. He thinks Mr. Pinero never wrote with so serious a purpose, and that his message is this:

Dear Friends—I send my "Iris" to you with a message. She will tell you that you have been given over to a liking for the thing that is brutal and unspak-

able. You have got to the point where nothing short of the trail of the beast satisfies you, and you are in need of a corrective. I think my "Iris" will correct you, and set your faces again toward that which is wholesome, for it, after a contemplation of that which she brings you, you are not nauseated and disgusted with this sort of thing to such a point that you turn from it in horror, you should not be permitted to go free. For myself, I feel a sense of responsibility for this disease that has fallen upon you, and it is my wish to remedy, in part at least, the blight my genius has served to fasten upon our age. I regard "Iris" as the supreme expression of the unseemly drama. I have intentionally made it brutal; I have designedly made it revolting; I have played the limit in the game of the morbid drama not because I like to do it, but because I think the tendency should be stamped utterly out. Now that you see to what an awful ultimate the woman-baiting play may be pushed, I trust that you will shun it hereafter as you would a pest, and thus open the door of your appreciation to the works of those who see life in its true proportions, and who deal with the things which we deprecate and deplore as mere phases of the larger picture, not as the essence of existence.

Yours for reform,
Arthur Wing Pinero.
He himself has stood aghast at the taste he has inspired, and as a corrective he has administered the bitterest dose his genius is capable of concocting.

A Test Experiment.

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages.

While Imprisoned.

A prisoner condemned to prison for life, after a careful study of the Bible, found it to contain 3,886,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,183 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, the word "Lord" 1,855 times.

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "j." The longest verse is the 9th in the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

There are no words of more than six syllables. It must have taken the poor prisoner many years of patient, careful study to gather all these facts.

Amiable old lady, blind in one eye and very deaf, wants to serve as chaperone for young ladies. Satisfaction assured.—Detroit "Free Press."

Off the Premises



Mr. Henpeck's wife will not allow him to have a pipe in the house, but, by an ingenious device of his, he can indulge in a whiff without giving her a chance to complain of the smell of smoke.—Pick-Me-Up.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Ping-Pong.—I must go very canny after such a threat, though I've found out by terrible experience that people are sometimes small enough to resent my plain speaking. Fancy! when they beg for it, and when I neither know nor care about their identity. 2. Your writing shows abounding vitality and great energy, praiseworthy caution, and some tenacity, very good self-reliance; intuitively rather than logic rules your mentality. You are vivacious, loquacious, courageous, averse to coercion, love power and have quite a fine imagination. I think you are a self-consciousness, subject to "the blues," because their sign being one of the double ones, it has to be brought into harmony before they have peace and comfort. While it is not so, they are unduly irritated and sensitive. June people often don't know what they really want, sometimes longing for directly opposite things. Don't blame outside influences, nor say you cannot understand why you have "the blues." You can understand if you will, and the fault is within. Whether you make a success of your life depends on whether you bring all your force under concerted aim, and always recognize your natural falling. The two minds are in you, invincible if working together. 3. No, I never have them; haven't time if I had. I don't want to hear from you again about your vocation.

Heimweh.—It isn't a very sedate or controlled character, but it is a great impulse and affection, sympathy, sensitiveness and capacity for ardent devotion. Writer was born to rule, and things have great administrative power and a good, practical business faculty. There is a somewhat artistic touch and a good amount of diplomacy. Writer is outspoken, but not effusive, probably a good example of a Sagittarius person (December), who hits out from the shoulder, not always considering whether the blow will "almost kill" father. Let me. There is marked individuality, not aggressive, but always perceptible. "I don't fancy writing about very anxious or careful about appearances, nor would put herself out to make a good impression. I am sure it is the writing of a clever, able person.

Virginia Carvel.—A girl of sixteen who is not an extra well developed character would not be a fit subject for dissection through graphology. You are still only in the second stage of development, and have much yet to grow to. An ambition to be a business woman will not fit you for the home life. Drop it, beg of you, unless necessity bids you leave your parents. There is no reason why you shouldn't make an extra good housekeeper. Put your mind to it. Dudley.—If you will send me your former nom de plume and somewhere about the date of your study, I'll look it up, and republish it. Your question, "Am I a crab or a scorpion or something equally awful?" shows indeed a deplorable ignorance of the signs and their significance. However, you are neither, but a Libra (October 16), one of the brilliant signs, of the air, and capable of great development. Libra runs to extremes in every way, and is apt to be false to itself for that reason. Overfond, over-reserved, over-imaginative, over-cautious, one has only to recall the Libras one knows to see the vibration and swinging of the scales from the topmost notch to the lowest depth. One Libra master over development, another is a base cynic; one is always wearing rose spectacles, another will see everything in the green glasses. Rarely does Libra please herself evenly in early life, but once balanced, she is all that is true and lovely. Sorry I missed birthday wishes, my lady. Will you not believe that I offer them tardily but sincerely? Truth to tell, your writing commands sincerity, which is almost an unfailing Libra excellence.

Canadian.—Here to you, my exiles! And so you are also a June baby? Well, you've got the touch of the month of roses all right. Cling to it, and keep your bright self-confidence and pleasant sunny disposition. "Is a treat to see your lines, for there isn't a dull or despondent touch in them. You have good clear thought, persistent effort, light but firm purpose, a cheery disposition, imaginative faculty, love of social intercourse, a frank but not incautious method and a rather good head for business. You are not, I fancy, of very advanced years. Perhaps sometimes you take things too easily, while you are charmingly plausible and inebriating. I should like to see more dominance and snap. That is, supposing

you're a man, of which "I have made dots" now that I look you over again.

E. D.—There is a good deal of refinement and sentiment in this study, with love of beauty and a well-accented ambition to rise. If you had enlightened me a little more by mentioning your birthday, I might have told you what you would probably best take up. It isn't a practical business hand—rather it reaches out to the beautiful and poetic; the imagination is active, and there is plenty of snap and go, but no love of routine. I think you'd win you'd say where a less plausible person might have to fight for it. Write again.

A Summer Girl.—January 7th brings you under the sign Capricorn, the goat. It is a practical, earthy, nocturnal sign, conventional, methodical, and prone to resent anything calculated to ruffle its dignity and disturb its self-esteem. January people are "particular" about forms and ceremonies, and sometimes nervous and faddy about trifles. The idea you have that your "two little fancies," poetry and painting, ought to be worth cultivating is distinctly trivial in the way you express it. "Do I see any signs of a talent which could be put to a good use in this world?" That's such a Capricorn conventional way of putting it. All you have to do is to develop your best. God will use it if it's worth anything, and if He doesn't you'll be developed, made worthy, grown, and that's the point. (In speaking of the Deity thus I offend myself, but I am using a conventional mode of expression.) I see no sign whatever of magnetic power in your writing. It's not often a trait under your sign. I do, indeed, truly sympathize with one who seeks high ideals, which absolutely annihilate self-consciousness, and I trust you will go on cultivating all the high ideals you can evolve. You are really most practical and powerful and self-sufficient, and level-headed and no end of worthy things.

34927.—1. You come under Pisces, the fishes, the last month of the year in the Zodiacal circle. "The sign begins to rule on the 21st of February. Pisces people are apt to lack self-confidence and need heaps of encouragement, for which they look, what they should be depending entirely upon themselves. In a few instances a Pisces person develops abnormal nerve and independence, but the rule is the other way. 2. It is pretty and kind of you to say you missed Lady Gay. She doesn't often give you a rest. The holiday was all you imagine, as you may by this time be aware, a grand six weeks. 3. Your writing shows sympathy, quick and decided purpose, great brightness of perception, and a variable temperament. You don't reason very closely, being largely intuitive and impulsive. You can adapt yourself to circumstances and take things cheerfully. Your temper is excellent, and you are, taken altogether, very attractive. There will be a heaven of sentiment in all you do.

Sunflower.—Oh, my dear person, you did give me a shock by addressing your letter "Correspondents' Column." It



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sounded so like a divorce agency, did it not? And while I was yet at my dinner remark, "Do be as merciful as the case will allow." I believe you are a foreigner, aren't you? If so, a little spelling is a dangerous thing, and you've been in frequent peril. Fortunately, it's nothing to affect your study. What is much worse, you used poor ink, and it has quite faded out. However, here goes for what's left of you! You have susceptibility, adaptability, imagination, order, very dominant will, quick, bright thought, sense of humor, generally good sequence of ideas, original talent, and a suggestion of traditional pride. You have ambition as yet unattained, and should be a bright and interesting person.

Peggy.—"What a thing to say!" (a la Molly the Marchioness). So you thought I found the Easterners characterless, and you thought I meant "all that could convey." Oh, you extremely literal Peggy, I am delighted to say they all have characters now, anyway, for I've been giving 'em good ones by the hundred.

dred. You are markedly original, amusing, full of fancies and prejudices and queer notions, and an erratic little person at the best. Perhaps you, too, are a foreigner; you have, however, tenacity, ambition, varying impulses, carelessness of detail—(why don't you dot your i's and why did you forget the coupon?—proof upon proof, Peggy)—you need sociability and are not best alone. You like nice and suitable environment and would probably suffer a good deal without it. Such a queer, cranky, interesting Peggy! Tyronese.—You'll hear from me obligingly, so to speak, this week. Let your response be ample and speedy if you wish to please, and I know you do. Then, I'll maybe spare you a scrap of that Blarney stone.

Professor E. Maasson of Victoria University has resumed his classes in French. Telephone, North 1648.



To say that Mme. Sembrich is a supreme mistress of the art of vocalization is beginning to savor of the parrot-like utterances which are repeated over and over again by the press. The statement nevertheless, if not original, conveys a fact that is generally acknowledged to be true by musicians. Mme. Sembrich's popularity, however, has not depended upon her fine but as a mere vocalizer, but has been won by the convincing truth of her interpretations of whatever music she undertakes to sing. She has the rare gift of being able to seize the spirit and style of a composition, no matter of what school. I have always maintained that for her beautiful phrasing she is to a certain extent indebted to her early studies on the violin, of which she was once a brilliant soloist. Her singing has always had a great educational value to vocal students, and her audiences in Toronto have always embraced a large representation of this class. On Wednesday evening of last week Mme. Sembrich reappeared at Massey Hall and, unassisted, gave a song recital of twenty-two programme numbers. Such an exacting performance would have been wearisome from a less distinguished artist, but Mme. Sembrich was able to hold the interest of her auditors to the last. I do not wish to be understood, in laying stress upon Mme. Sembrich's technical and interpretative art, as belittling her voice. She has indeed a rare and beautiful voice, naturally flexible, and of even quality throughout its compass, but there are other singers on the concert stage who have voices just as beautiful. There are very few of these singers, however, whose capabilities are not limited to a narrow range of interpretation; if they are self-conscious in one school of singing they are ineffective in others. Mme. Sembrich seems equally successful, whether in the light florid arias of Rossini and Bellini, the serious German song-forms, or the elevated operatic music of such a role as Elsa in "Lohengrin." In certain of the old Italian florid arias she is unapproached, and I may cite as example the Bellini "Ah! Non Giunge" which she sings not only with perfect clarity of technique, but with a joyous abandon that must surely realize the spirit of the song. It would be an idle task to comment upon the individual numbers of the long and varied programme with which she delighted her audience of Wednesday evening. They were all so appropriately rendered that it would be difficult to discriminate. Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Gluck, Handel, Bach, Pergolesi, were all represented, while the more modern school was illustrated by Richard Strauss, Bizet, Tchaikowski and Grieg.

The Mendelssohn Choir have made definite arrangements for their concert on the evenings of February 11 and 12. At the first concert the chorus will sing a number of unaccompanied works by Brahms, Elgar, Pitt, Koplow, Vierling, Borodin and others, as well as a charming lullaby for chorus and orchestra by Elgar, besides repeating at the request of many of the patrons of the society, the brilliant excerpt from the opera of "Carmen," which they sang so effectively at the last concert. The famous Pittsburgh orchestra, which has been engaged for both evenings, will play under Mr. Victor Herbert's direction Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony (for the first time in Toronto), and Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture (first time) on the opening night, while at the second concert symphonic works by Tchaikowski and Liszt, besides a number of other important compositions which will be made known in due course, will be given. At the second concert the chorus will sing several unaccompanied numbers, Coleridge Taylor's dramatic cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," with orchestra, and a short work by Elgar, also with orchestra. The conductor considers the chorus superior to any body of singers the society has hitherto put forward, and the enthusiasm with which they are entering upon the season's preparation leads one to anticipate that the artistic results of this year will be more strikingly in evidence than ever. Subscription lists will be supplied to the chorus and committee in a few days.

It is gratifying to note that our universities are paying increased attention to the subject of music. The University of Toronto has already established a system of local examinations, and musical topics are beginning to find a place in the list of annual lectures given by other universities. On Wednesday evening of last week Professor Clark delivered a discourse on "Sacred Song" at Trinity College, illustrated by musical selections sung by a male choir, under the direction of Dr. Ham, and on the following Friday Mr. A. S. Vogt lectured in Castle Memorial Hall, McMaster University, on "Choir Music: Its Repertoire and Interpretation." Professor Clark's discourse was largely historic, tracing the genealogy of Psalmody from Hebrew times through various sources down to the present day. One of his illustrations was the "Song of Miriam," which it is believed has come to us in the original form. Mr. Vogt dealt principally with modern church music, and credited the Anglican school as its principal source. He, however, strongly praised Gounod for his religious spirit and the vocal effect of his sacred compositions. He considered the florid masses of Mozart and Haydn as unchurchlike, and cited the fact that many of the high ecclesiastical authorities of the Roman Catholic Church were advocating a simpler style, and that, in consequence, the old masses were not frequently heard. It is interesting to mention that the Jarvis Street Baptist choir, which sang the illustrative selections, gave a beautiful "Ave Verum" by Dr. Elgar, and that Mr. Vogt expressed the opinion that Elgar is undoubtedly the greatest English composer of these days. He added it was a matter of congratulation that Elgar has begun to compose in the authentic form, as the warmth of his style, his originality and his admirable mastery of vocal effects are elements frequently lacking in the works of the leading Anglican Church composers.

There is many a true word spoken in jest. And, occasionally, a word which is not true is spoken in Blackpool. The recent musical festival under Dr. Richter's conductorship was held in a hall ordin-

ily devoted to concerts of a not very severely classical character, and, according to a story which is just now running round English musical circles, one of the secretarial staff wrote out and stuck up a beautiful notice reading:

During the Performances of
THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL
In This Hall
THERE WILL BE NO MUSIC
Here This Week.

Or can it have been that some naughty critic was "doing" Blackpool for a holiday?

The Welland "Telegraph" makes the following remarks on one of our leading sopranos: "Anna Parker was known by the audience to have a reputation as a beautiful vocalist, and as she appeared on the stage she was greeted with applause. She has a magnificent voice and perfect control, showing years of training. She also has great personal beauty and a most attractive stage manner. Her numbers on the programme were the most popular with the audience." This artist has already booked a number of engagements for the coming season, and her time promises to be fully occupied.

The annual election of officers for the Toronto Ciel Club held at McConkey's on Wednesday evening of last week, resulted as follows: President Mr. W. J. McNally; vice-president, Mr. W. E. Fairclough; secretary, Mr. A. T. Cringan; executive committee, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Anger and Mr. F. S. Welsman.

The plan for the series of String Quartette concerts opens on Monday morning at the Conservatory of Music. The first concert will be given on Thursday evening of next week, November 6, and an attractive programme has been issued, which includes a complete Beethoven quartette and part of one by Haydn. Mr. E. W. Knowles, baritone, is the assisting vocalist, and Mr. Napier Durand, pianist, will join the quartette in giving three movements of Sinding's quintette, which has probably never been given in Toronto before. Mr. Saunders will play a group of cello solos, and Miss Jennie E. Williams will be the accompanist.

Mr. Chrystal Brown has been appointed solo tenor of the Metropolitan Church choir.

Mr. Thomas C. Jeffers was on Monday night presented by the trustees and musical committee of the Central Methodist Church with an address and writing-desk, as a mark of esteem and goodwill. Mr. Jeffers had occupied the position of organist and choirmaster of the church for sixteen years, and now retires to reside over the musical services of Old St. Andrew's. Mr. Edgar H. Doward, formerly organist of Broadway Tabernacle, will succeed Mr. Jeffers at the Central.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, the well-known musical critic, is evidently not an admirer of the mandolin cult, and in the current number of the "Etude" he deprecates the practice of the instrument in United States colleges. He contrasts the study of music in the Russian colleges, to the disadvantage of the former. "In the University of St. Petersburg," he writes, "they have an orchestra of one hundred and fifty students, and they play all the great symphonies under a most excellent musical director, the professor of music, Mr. H. V. Hlavac, who was an imposing figure at the Chicago World's Fair. The explanation of this fact, which would be impossible in America, is to be found in the smaller business possibilities for young men in Russia, whereby the profession of an orchestral musician is at least an assurance of a good living. If such a man as Mr. Theodore Spiering were at the head of music in the Chicago University I am not sure that a really good orchestra could be maintained here. Several of the Catholic universities in this country have good orchestras and are quite as innocent of the mandolin evil (except in its proper place as a very light pastime) as they are of the Sankey gospel hymns."

It is gratifying to read the following just appreciation of Mr. Theodore Thomas in the columns of the "Musical Courier" from a Chicago correspondent: "What a fine figure is Theodore Thomas! What a sturdy fighter for the classical, and yet how ardent a champion for the new! Unmindful of ignorant criticism, grim and unyielding, he pursues his right way. For him there are but two kinds of music—good and bad—and he never plays the bad. His set ideal is not a pose, as has been unjustly intimated, rather it is an uncompromising expression of himself. Theodore Thomas has never descended to the level of a mixed audience; they must always rise to his, and he is the man to make them do it. He did it in the early New York days, and he is doing it in these days in Chicago."

Edward Barton, recently from England and now a well-known teacher in Toronto, sang last Sunday at two churches in Bowmanville. The "Statesman" of that town contains the following remarks about his singing: "The choir was ably assisted by Mr. Edward Barton of Toronto, the well-known baritone vocalist, who sang three solos, each being capitally rendered. Mr. Barton's voice is well under control, and his singing shows unmistakable evidence of musical culture."

Mr. Julian Edwards for some years past has been occupying a prominent place in the limited ranks of comic opera composers on this side of the Atlantic. His first notable essay was, I think, "Brian Born," an Irish opera, which aimed at something higher and better than the then too common productions of homogeneity and vulgar music called by courtesy comic opera, which held the American stage. Then followed "The Princess Chic" and "Dolly Varden," both of which have enjoyed great popularity in the States and Canada. His latest work is "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," now this week's attraction at the Princess Theater. The title is not very promising, but the work has already negated the suggestion of the name. It must be put down to Mr. Edwards' credit that he has aimed in this, as in his previous operas, at the production of opera comique rather than of opera bouffe. He has not set to music the horse-play and buffoon inarties of the low comedian, nor has he shown the influence in his scores of the vulgar rag-time and coon tunes of United States music. Mr. Edwards is an Englishman,

and naturally composes music that is English in character, except when he makes a deliberate effort to write in other styles, such as the Italian or the German. By way of digression, I might add that the press of the United States were very much offended when Dvorak, the great composer, pronounced the opinion that the national music of the United States was "nigger" in origin. Dvorak was, I think, right, or else how is it that we hear from companies from the other side so many rag-time marches and "coon-shouting" songs? Even Sousa's marches betray the taint, and Victor Herbert, in his operas, is not free from it. Mr. Edwards has, however, steadily evaded the influence of his American environment in this respect, and his operas reveal an intention to follow the lines of opera comique as laid down by Auber and Herold. It is unfortunate that Mr. Edwards has a very clinging memory. He unconsciously reproduces in a transformed version many ideas of other composers. At one time his score suggests Sullivan, at another Verdi, etc. There is, however, often an undeniable cleverness of workmanship in his music, and he has written several numbers that are immensely popular. I need only mention "War Is a Bountiful Jade," in the "Princess Chic." It is an instance of the irony of fate that Julian Edwards, an Englishman, should set to music "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which is a glorification of the United States, and contains a good deal of spread-eagleism. Very considerably, this spread-eagleism is softened or toned down for the Toronto production. The opera, I have no doubt, will have a great success in the United States, especially in the big cities. The music is bright and tuneful, and the composer has worked up some effective climaxes. He has also supplied some very obvious square-cut melodies that the audience can carry away with them in their memories—nay, even whistle—after hearing a couple of verses. The scenic investiture of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is extremely beautiful, and the company is a strong and capable one, especially in regard to the chorus and the women principals. The first act is very happily contrived, and the audience are treated to the novel spectacle (to them) of a waltz, in which the women dancers wear the old hoop-skirts of the sixties. It may be mentioned that the story of the libretto deals with supposed incidents in the closing period of the war between the Southern and Northern States. Like most genuine operas comique, or true comedy, it has many serious situations. The plot will not bear analysis well, but it is as well connected and logical as that of the majority of the light operas of the day. The work suffers somewhat from being too long, the sentimental numbers in the second act are pretentious, but they are not original, nor are they sufficiently relevant or pointed to hold the interest of the hearer. The effect of the opera might be strengthened by judicious cutting down, and it is probable this will be done before it reaches New York.

A very successful concert was given on Tuesday, October 28, at the Toronto Junction College of Music and School of Elocution, when Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a fine interpretation of "The Last Appearance of Lady Macbeth," as well as a few lighter numbers. She was enthusiastically received by a large audience, and was recalled after each number. The concert was also noted for the first appearance of Mr. W. J. Long, violinist, now of the College staff, who played brilliantly Musini's "Mazurka de Concert" and Wieniawski's "Valse Capriccio." His violin playing was of a high order, and he also made her debut on this occasion. She has a powerful voice of wide range, and gave an artistic rendering of two songs. Miss Dorothea Davis, pianist, a talented pupil of Miss Macmillan, gave a clear interpretation of Schubert's "Impromptu, op. 90," and a spirited performance of Weber's "Rondo Brilliant" in E flat. Mr. James Milne, bass, a pupil of Mr. A. Blight, also scored a success. A reception was held in the college rooms after the concert, which was largely attended.

Poetic Justice.

A gentleman of an economical turn of mind wished to make a present to a lady. He went into a china shop, says an English exchange, where he happened to notice a valuable vase, which had just been smashed into a dozen pieces. "How much for that?" he enquired of the shopman. "Those pieces, sir?" said the shopman, in surprise. "Yes, just what I want for a shilling. It's quite a new meaning." He paid another sixpence for a box to pack it in, and told the man to send it to the lady's address, hoping that she would take for granted that it had been broken in transit. Unfortunately, however, when the lady came to unpack the box it transpired that the shopman had wrapped each fragment in a separate piece of paper!

Sir Henry Irving's Speeches.

Sir Henry Irving has won a great reputation as an after-dinner speaker, but, according to Harry Furness, his speeches are carefully prepared and printed in very large block type, easily read at a distance. Herein lies the triumph of the actor. These slips are artfully placed on the table, out of sight of the audience; and while one of the speaker's hands rests artistically on his hip, the other toys with a fruit-knife, and with it (pages of the speech are turned over as they are read. So perfectly is this acted, so gracefully does the body sway, and so well timed are the pauses in the speech, that only those seated in close proximity to Sir Henry are aware he is reading his speech.

Cautions.

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers." "No, I've sworn off this week for a test. 'Why, what are you testing?' 'Myself. As long as I find I can stop I won't stop; but as soon as I find I can't stop I will stop.'—Ex.

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Social and Personal.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. J. Gilmour Hay held her post-nuptial reception Monday afternoon at 344 Rusholme road, to which many callers came to wish the handsome bride every happiness in her artistic new home. She received in a lovely gown of white satin, veiled in lace, with silver and blue touches on the corsage and jupe. In the tea-room the dainties were presided over by some pretty girl friends of the bride, Miss Elsie Ross, Miss Ella Gimson, Miss Johnston, Miss Madge King-Dodds and Miss MacMahon, each wearing dainty light gowns. The tea-table was lovely with its rare covering of Mexican hand lace, with softly-shaded crimson and white lights and floral decorations in the same colors. A few of those who called were Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. King-Dodds, Mrs. Caven, Mrs. Sydney Sykes, Mrs. Gimson, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. MacFarlane, Miss Gibbons of Cornwall, Mrs. Jarvis, and many others."

Miss Hughes is en pension at the Arlington for the winter.

The Washington, D.C., "Times" this week, in speaking about the "Gentleman of France" Company, in which the well-known Canadian actor, Mr. Herbert Fortier, is a member, says: "A Gentleman of France" does not give exceptional opportunities to anyone except Mr. Fellow and Miss Robson, but Mr. Herbert Fortier and Oscar Eagle are especially good in their respective parts."

Mrs. Dick McGaw of Crescent road has returned from Chicago and will receive on the first, second and third Tuesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyndie H. Bedlington are leaving the city on a visit to the latter's parents. Mrs. Bedlington will therefore not receive during the month of November.

Mrs. William Whyte of Winnipeg is in the city visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles S. Meek, at No. 353 Markham street, and will receive with her on the first and third Thursdays in November.

After five years' residence in Buffalo Mr. and Mrs. John Donogh have settled again in their former home, 508 Ontario street. Mrs. Donogh will receive on next and following Mondays and afterwards on the first and second Mondays of each month.

The Kappa Alpha Society, father of all the Greek letter societies, which add so much to the student life of Toronto, has opened its new chapter house with a tea and evening dance this week. The Alpha Kaps, gauging wisely the capacity of their charming chapter house, divided their festivity, and keep open house afternoon and evening on Tuesday. The chapter house is the acme of comfort and artistic beauty, and the sponsors of the enterprise, Mr. Percy Parker and Mr. Casey Wood, have every reason to be proud of its success. From the quaint oak door to the pretty garret chambers there is a succession of pretty rooms, and the entrance hall, with its musicians' balcony and enclosed verandah, was, on the day of the house-warming, a perfect picture. On the first floor the society's dining-room was beautifully decorated with scarlet flowers, and the banquet table, set as a brilliant buffet, with red shaded lights and heaps of bright carnations, the same flowers being carried by many of the young beauties who graced the dance.

"An Evening With Dickens"

Mr. E. S. Williamson's lecture on Dickens at the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday evening was listened to by a large and delighted audience. Owing to the crowded state of our columns comment is reserved till next week in order that justice may be done Mr. Williamson's magnificent exposition of the novelist's career.

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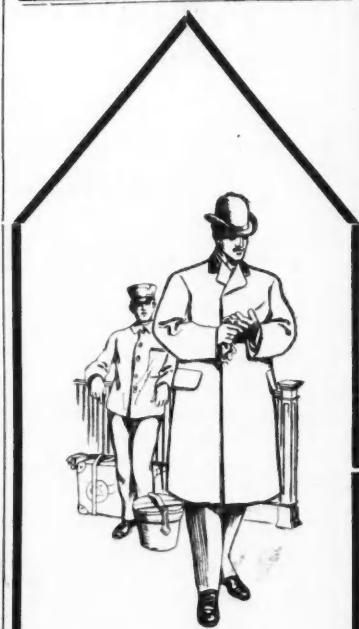
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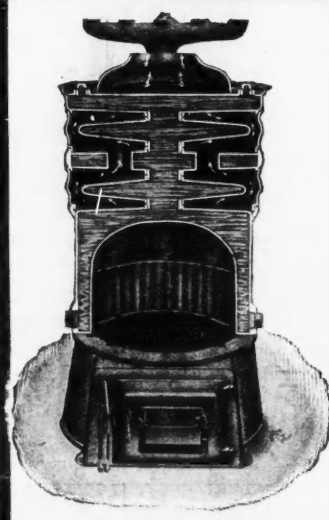


A black and white line drawing of a metal bucket. The bucket has a wide rim and a handle attached to the top edge. A latch mechanism is visible on the front, consisting of a small rectangular plate with a circular element in the center, possibly a lock or a decorative feature. The bucket is shown from a slightly elevated perspective.

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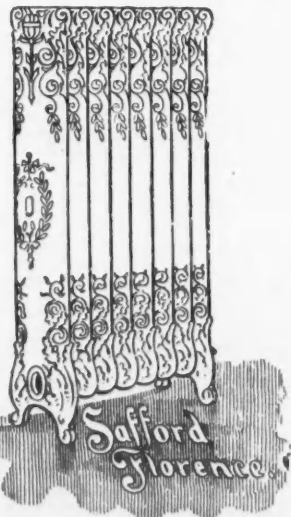


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Births.

Johnston-Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. W. R.
Johnston, Jr., a son.
Ridout-Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. D. K.
Ridout, a son.
Jamieson-Oct. 26, Barrie, Mrs. J. J.
Jamieson, a son.
Rogers-Oct. 23, Toronto, Mrs. Alfred S.
Rogers, a son.
Langley-Oct. 26, Toronto, Mrs. Harry
S. Langley, a daughter.
Pegg-Oct. 29, Toronto, Mrs. A. A. Pegg.
a son.

Marriages.

Do Gex-Rapley-At the Church of the
Messiah, Kincardine, on 23th October
Leonard M. do Gex, of the Canadian
Bank of Commerce, White Horse,
Frika G. Rapley, only daughter
of Mrs. J. W. Kincardine.
English papers please copy.
Thorneloe-Charlestown-Toronto, Henry
Pearl Thorneloe to Pearl Estelle
Second-Kerr-Oct. 23, Woodstock, Henry
Cartwright Second to Katharine Ann
Kerr.
Parke-Dickson-Oct. 21, Toronto, Roder-
ick J. M. Parke to Marion Isabel
Crawford Dickson.
Brown-Kelghey-Oct. 22, Toronto,
Ernest S. Browne to Elia Robbins
Brymer-Small-Oct. 22, St. John, N.B.
John Brymer to Elizabeth Small.
Stephens-Agnew-Oct. 22, New York City
Charles Lee Stephens to May Agnew.
Kelley-Findlay-Los Angeles, Geo.
E. Kelley to Katherine Findlay.

Deaths.

Dunnet—Oct. 25, Toronto, Thomas Dunnet
aged 55 years.
Smithett—Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah
Gordon Smithett.
Gordon—Oct. 23, Toronto, Mrs. Catherine
Shaw Gordon.
Mitchell—Oct. 23, Cobourg, William Mit-
chell, aged 73 years.
Benson—Oct. 23, St. Catharines, Murle
Benson.
Hill—Oct. 23, Toronto, Lewis M. Hill, aged
17 years.

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